

MOVING FORWARD by Albert Maltz

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BYRNES' PLOT AGAINST UNO

Richard O. Boyer

Howard Fast

here's where you come in . . .

SINCE its beginning, NEW MASSES has operated as a magazine that belongs to you, the reader. It has been able to live because you want it to live, to fight on. As all of us recognize, the urgency of the times demands the maximum effort of us all—to win the peace, prevent World War III, to make our nation a happier, more prosperous land.

These are the imperatives. We want to talk them over with you. For these reasons, we seek to hold a series of meetings throughout the country with our readers, beginning with the conference in New York, April 13. We want to discuss the plans for a new and improved NEW MASSES. Considering the drive of imperialism upon every phase of our life, its unprecedented assaults upon the thinking of our people, we are gearing NM to do the best possible job the urgency requires.

We wish to satisfy, more than we have done, the cultural and educational needs of our readers, as individuals, and as members of the organizations they serve.

We want NM to become known as a crusading cultural-political organ. We want it to contain the best endeavors in all the fields—in poetry as well as politics, in criticism and in cartoons, in every area—science, the short story, education, reportage, expose.

We know we won't achieve this overnight: it will be done by constant and consistent effort, through maximum support of our writers and cultural workers in all fields. Hence we have called this conference to talk over our plans, our magazine's outlook.

For we know people act out of their understanding. They agree they know the issues, to that degree their insight is enhanced. Because Marxism is the science to understand the world, and supplies a guide to action that is necessary to change the world, NEW MASSES strives to apply a Marxist scalpel to the issues of our days. Our readers know this, agree with this. Marxism is the greatest carrier of democratic ideas, and in the general assault upon democracy, upon understand-

ing, upon progress, the enemy sees Marxism and Marxists as its chief enemy.

Today, the capitalist class is engaged in a violent attack upon every manifestation of progress in our country's life: in industry, in science, in education, in the arts. NEW MASSES wishes especially to crusade in the fields of culture, to help provide the answers, the understanding, to meet the attack and help our people go on the offensive. The times require a strengthened people's culture—the elements for it are at hand, you can see evidences of this in every area.

The task is to coordinate those elements, to strengthen them, to help supply direction: for these purposes we wish to make every issue of NM a powerful weapon at the disposal of all democratic Americans.

We want delegates to the conference from all organizations who are concerned about these issues: we urge our readers and friends of NM to come help us make NM a beacon for liberty, peace, prosperity. We want to tell you what we plan, and we want you to tell us what you feel. There will be representatives of various unions there; we are glad to announce, for example, that Ferdinand E. Smith, of the National Maritime Union, will greet the conference on behalf of the maritime workers. Teachers will be there to discuss the kind of material they would like to see in NM that will be most helpful to them.

You know the details of the meeting which begins at 2 pm Saturday, April 13. We want you to stay for the dinner, where we will welcome new editors and contributors: Richard O. Boyer, Howard Fast, Herbert Aptheker, Lloyd L. Brown, Albert E. Kahn and James S. Allen. There will be a program that you will enjoy. (Further details are on page 31.)

So we expect to see you there, at the conference which we confidently hope will be a landmark in NM's history. Help us make this magazine one that will be a powerful organ in the hands of all progressives.

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BYRNES CRACKS THE WHIP

By **RICHARD O. BOYER**

TAKING orders like delegates to a county convention in South Carolina, a variegated assortment of elderly politicians from the earth's far corners sat around a gleaming crescent of maple-colored mahogany at New York's Hunter College last week and tried to transform the United Nations from the hope of the world into a shoddy political cabal. Jimmy Byrnes, the American Secretary of State and a sharp little lawyer with a cold smile and a hard mind, ran the proceedings of the Security Council with the contemptuous assurance of a county political boss. He was not the chairman but he was like MacGregor of whom it was said, "Where MacGregor sits, there is the head of the table." When Byrnes opened the sessions, speaking through the council's chairman, Dr. Quo Tai-chi of the sovereign nation of China, the world's war-tortured millions were praying that the Security Council would move toward Big Three unity, the one and only path to peace. When he recessed the sessions, again speaking through the mild, uncertain accents of Dr. Quo, much had been done to change the United Nations into an instrument of war instead of peace—as well as into the beginning of a new anti-Soviet conspiracy perhaps enlarging and replacing the old Anti-Comintern Pact of the fascist Axis.

Secretary Byrnes, a kind of South Carolina Jimmy Walker with a race-track flair to his clothes and manner, ran the proceedings with an iron hand. Sometimes he gave the boys a little leeway—for after all, they were supposed to be representatives of sovereign nations. Occasionally, for a moment or so, the delegates spoke with their own voices, rather than with Jimmy's but it made them uncomfortable and they would furtively eye him to see how he was taking it. If he pulled his bushy eyebrows into a frown or straightened his thin lips into a thinner line their voices would waver, uncertainly miss a beat and then strengthen with confidence as they returned to the Byrnes

line. Sometimes the sessions of the United Nations Security Council seemed like a series of testimonials to the humane wisdom of Secretary Byrnes. Delegates vied with each other in heaping superlatives. The contest was particularly close between Egypt and Mexico. "I wholeheartedly share the views of Mr. Byrnes," Mahmoud Hassan Pasha, a bald-headed lawyer from Egypt, passionately reiterated in one form or another until it was a refrain. Each of his protestations were echoed more fervently by Francisco Castillo Najera, whose idealism was gained in the rough-and-tumble of Mexican politics. To some of the delegates, however, it was a little embarrassing to sit in the center of history and speak with another's voice.

BUT Byrnes was not too concerned over their natural desire to pretend they were statesmen and not politicians. It was under his pressure that they refused to allow the Soviet Union to continue negotiations with Iran unembarrassed by the council, until April 10, and it was his maneuvering that forced Andrei Gromyko, the Russian ambassador, to leave the council chamber. There were times when Byrnes had to be quite stern with those council members who wished to simulate momen-

tary independence. Dr. Quo as chairman tried hard for the assurance and dignity that Byrnes occasionally had to deny him. For example, near the end of the third session, after Byrnes saw to it that the Soviet Union was forced to leave the proceedings over a difference concerning seven days' time, Dr. Quo tried to recess the session until the next day.

Byrnes overruled the chairman, a little impatiently. Byrnes said the council had immediately to hear Dr. Hussein Ala, the Iranian multi-millionaire ambassador and an Oxford graduate who was battling for the rights of the Iranian masses. Dr. Quo flushed and then ruled that the council should immediately hear Dr. Ala, the Iranian multi-millionaire who was battling for the rights of the Iranian masses. Dr. Quo's voice was winged around the world by the radio as he spoke and while his brothers might have recognized it as Quo's, most people would have known it was Byrnes'. When Dr. Ala, a mouse-like little man with a thin neck, a rich wife and a cutaway, began battling for the rights of small nations, many of his words were echoes. Byrnes had said most of them first in opposing Gromyko's plea for a fortnight's postponement. Despite this, Ala didn't do so well. Byrnes had to intercede. He didn't wish to dictate, he said. But wouldn't it be better if Dr. Ala addressed himself to the world in this fashion? He illustrated. Dr. Ala tried again and the Secretary's hard, knife-like face relaxed a little.

FOR a few moments during the opening session of the Security Council, the delegates sitting amid the impressive—if synthetic—panoply of the reconverted gymnasium in the Bronx resembled statesmen. Perhaps they were rejuvenated by their brightly lush surroundings, for everything was as shiny and new as a spring flower. The green upholstery of the delegates' chairs was as green as the grass of Ireland and the scarlet that covered the chairs of the audience was as lushly rich as that of a



Paul Hogarth.

cardinal's hat. Besides, the delegates were at the center of history. Some of them did seem a bit frayed at the edges, a few did appear a little bleary around the eyes, the stomachs of one or two did nuzzle against the table, but this was the Parliament of Man, or at least its executive council, and everyone was inclined to be charitable. Floodlights beat upon what appeared to be statesmen, photographers' flashlights quivered in the air, the crowd murmured and craned, radios and motion picture cameras in twelve glass-enclosed booths began to record the scene for history and dispatch it around the earth. There was the smell of fresh paint and varnish and everything was perfect until the statesmen began to talk. They had not talked long until the elegance about them seemed as phony as a Roxy theater lobby. When they spoke they revealed themselves and it was as astonishing as if the splendid decor of the refurbished gymnasium had vanished and suddenly returned to the parallel bars, dumbbells and wired windows of a fortnight earlier.

As the week progressed they droned on about motions, they buzzed on about dates, they fretted over technicalities and whenever they spoke and whatever they said edged ever nearer war. They seemed to have the same involuntary, helpless attraction for war that a moth has for flame.

In the first three sessions Gromyko was like a man from another planet. For one thing he was young, trim, intent. His face and hands were very white against the black of his hair and clothing. The ageing men before him—with the exceptions of the delegates from Poland and Australia—



had that psychic freemasonry of class that an outsider cannot penetrate with words. Gromyko was like a union delegate facing a hostile employers' council. When he left the drone of words leading toward war resumed. To the ear they had the harmless boredom of a meeting of the Board of Estimate. But to the mind they were frightening, more frightening in that people could not suppress yawns as the menacing irrelevancies buzzed on. It was a kind of triumph of mediocrity that the little men displayed in advancing the world toward war while they bored their auditors. It was quite unreal. The air was stuffy. There were long pauses. There were bright bursts of French translation that revived the air a moment. There was the drowsy hum of a ventilator, the muted impersonal clackety-clack of a telegraph instrument in the west balcony. Now and again there was a regular flickering rise and fall of the room's illumination, like some queer interior heat lightning, and this phenomenon continued eerily throughout deliberations.

OCCASIONALLY, however, the flamboyant Byrnes restored a momentary vigor to proceedings. After all, he was a principal, and that was more than most could say. He had won his point in defeating Gromyko's motion that Iran be removed from the agenda until April 10. To pass it, he said in so many words, would kill the United Nations. After Gromyko had been forced to leave Byrnes easily defeated an attempt toward compromise backed by the Australian and Polish delegates. It was his desire that the Iranian ambassador make charges against the Soviet Union and the Iranian ambassador did make charges against the Soviet Union. As the sessions wore on Byrnes became progressively genial. He beamed appreciatively at Najera who, when in Mexico City, and speaking more or less with his own voice, had said that he would advocate that the Security Council take action against Franco Spain. After talking with Byrnes in New York he said in more authoritative accents that he felt it would be a mistake to take up the case of Spain at this time.

Byrnes was sometimes tolerant of error. When Col. W. R. Hodgson of Australia tried for a compromise that would permit the Soviet Union to stay and delay a decision on Iran, the Secretary of State jovially dug him in the ribs with a bony forefinger and threw back his head and laughed. Byrnes had the votes and he could be indulgent. He

jabbed the Australian, who sat next to him, again and chuckled once more when Col. Hodgson's motion was defeated. Even Henri Bonnet, the veteran from France, paid Byrnes tribute. During discussion of whether the Soviet Union should be ordered to report to the Security Council on its negotiations with Iran on April 2 or 3, Bonnet pointed out that while at that moment it was March 29 in New York it was March 30 in Moscow. For that reason he asked for the later date. With the swift, pat assurance of a slick trial lawyer, Byrnes flashed back that when it was April 2 in New York, the date he favored for the report, it was April 3 in Moscow. Bonnet threw up his thin-fingered hands in an admiration that was definitive. He went through a little mummery. He pretended that he was trying to gather his wits about him, trying to cope with the inhuman brilliance before him, and then shrugged expressively and relapsed into silence. What could a mere mortal do in the face of such an intellect? Jimmy smiled and was quite pleased with himself. He allowed the date to be set for April 3. One felt sure that France's application for a loan had not suffered any.

The obsessive yet purposeful palaver about legal fictions, forming a facade against all reality, droned on. There was much talk, for example, of protecting Iran against the machinations of the Soviet Union: but not a single syllable concerning the fact that it was Britain's Iran that was being protected. There was deep concern over the plight of small nations occupied by foreign troops, but there was never a word about British troops in Greece, Egypt, Indonesia and India, nor a single syllable concerning American troops in fifty-six countries and islands of the Pacific. There was no hint that the proceedings of the United Nations in New York had been turned into a bargaining unit intended to make it difficult for the Russians negotiating in far-off Iran. There was nothing but the unmentioned fact to indicate that the United Nations had been reduced to a trump card in a British effort to retain its hold on the people and the resources of the Near East. No word, of course, revealed that an attempt was being made to transform the United Nations into a weapon with which an imperialist world hoped to destroy a socialist system.

AS THE legal doubletalk continued Dr. Oscar Lange of Poland made a petulant remark about lawyers. He pointed out that Byrnes and the dele-

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gate from Egypt were both attorneys and as he glanced around at his colleagues he seemed to feel that there might be more lawyers present. At another time he complained that Dr. Quo seemed unable to see any delegate but Byrnes when Byrnes had a rival for the floor. There were long hours of serious haggling about dates. Dr. Lange again interposed, declaring that the jargon reminded him of astronomers intent on establishing a time for some heavenly event rather than of men trying to cope with the complexities of earth. As the legal abracadabra pyramided into millions of words a curious double standard became evident. If Poland sought to avoid action against the Soviet Union, she was a Russian satellite. If the delegates of China, Holland, Mexico, France, Egypt and Brazil fawned in obsequious eagerness while obeying the voice of Byrnes they were brave and independent battlers for the rights of small nations. If the British had troops in Greece, they were fighters for democracy. If the Russians were withdrawing troops from Iran they had no right to do it in the incorrect, illegal manner they were doing it. If the Americans were staying in China, they were obeying the voice of the Chinese people. And so the show continued, the words flowed on, people yawned and

some began to whisper. I heard a reporter near me say to a colleague, "What do you think's going to happen in the next few years?"

His companion stared at him a moment. "The same thing you do," he finally said as the politicians talked us nearer war. "A boom, a bust, fascism, war. Every man who ever had an idea in jail." I do not necessarily agree with him. The American people can avoid this fate if they fight. But I know what he meant. It was a strange, queer feeling to hear the little men talk us nearer to war. The torrent of verbal corruption swept on like a river and sometimes its current seemed to have the inevitability of a natural force. It will unless we change its course.

AS MEMBERS of the United Nations Security Council lounged in their chairs about the council table most of them had the appearance of men from the same club. They were a group that the National Association of Manufacturers would have thought sound—at least after Gromyko left. Wispy, dried-up Sir Alexander Cadogan, the British delegate with his Oxford accent and dun-colored mustache, is a brother under the skin to heavy, dark-jowled Francisco Castillo Najera of Mexico. They agree about interest, radicals and Reds. Thin-

necked, long-faced Eelco N. van Kleffens, aristocrat from Holland, is blood brother—politically—with thick, swart Pedro Leao Velloso from Brazil, whose bald head was the only object that consistently out-gleamed the polished surface of the council table stretching the length of the room. Velloso, with the exception of Stettinius, spoke less than any man in the council. He spoke once warmly endorsing the position of Byrnes. Stettinius did not speak at all. Byrnes did the speaking for him, and also did most of the speaking for Sir Alexander. One can be certain that the British Foreign Office and Admiral Leahy, both of whom had been critical of Byrnes for what they termed his appeasement of Russia, will be critical no longer.

There is talk, and there will be more, of a non-existent "Communist International" but as one observed the instinctive fraternity of viewpoint and policy between most members of the council he was also viewing the operation of a segment of the capitalist international. Col. Hodgson and Dr. Lange were the mavericks. Both played pretty decent parts in the proceedings. When the remainder faced Gromyko they were engaging in class warfare. The justice of his case was as irrelevant as the justice of wage demands on a group of employers. All but Gromyko and Bonnet spoke in English, the current language of the elite. Members of the council were Mohamedan and Christian, dark and blond, thin and bulging—but they were all gentlemen and, by God, they were against the Soviet Union. They may have come from London or Amsterdam or Chungking or Paris, but their ideas are as identical as peas, not because of their reason but because of their class. They don't want war. They just want their way. They will get their way and war too unless the American people fight for Big Three unity, insist on Big Three unity, and win Big Three unity. The present Big Two unity means ultimate war and disaster. The proceedings in the Bronx were marked by a peculiar unreality because they were held in a vacuum. The people were not represented. No one spoke for the Iranian people. No one spoke for the American people and no one for the Greeks, the Spaniards and the world's war-tortured millions. Until they speak with a voice like thunder the United Nations Organization will remain the captive of imperialism, will be converted into an instrument for war, and a vehicle for Anglo-American world domination.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

By **HOWARD FAST**

AFTER a week of it, with the next ten years being made or torn to shreds on the green campus of Hunter College, the only piece of complete sanity that emerges are the children. Children are there by the thousand, and it seems to me that there are more children in this part of the Bronx than anywhere else in the city—anyhow, more concentrated, more of them at one time—watching outside, pressing their nose against the wire fences, as if expressing wordlessly, the only plea that might have some effect on the impeccable and incredible diplomats who drive in and out each day in their black limousines.

The children will remember these sessions someday, if there are any children. Inside the gymnasium, for a week, I watched the delegates sit and talk about that; in three languages, they debated the matter of whether or not there would be children. At the moment, I don't know. I only know that what went on there last week was not good for a sane man to see and hear.

IN SOME way, there is ironical and merciless humor attached to all of it: that here, in the world's richest country, it is necessary for the world's tribunal to sit in a gymnasium, the press to occupy a swimming pool, for the information service to be located in a toilet. But that is only the beginning of the descent to Alice's Wonderland. Come to the tribunal itself, and you have no less a burlesque than that courtroom scene, where Alice was tried by a deck of cards.

You've seen pictures of the council room. Behind the bleached mahogany table sit the eleven member nations; behind each delegate is a cluster of advisors; left and right are two press galleries; and what we might call the mezzanine has several hundred seats, for a few of the public, important characters of many categories, and more of the working press. The audience and its relationship to the council is of some importance; all in all, the forty of the general public excepted, this is perhaps the most cynical, knowing, and diversified audience in the world. Here is everyone you have ever met, whether in London, Paris, Calcutta, San Francisco, or The Pen and Pencil or The Algonquin; here are the so-called cream of the press, the radio commentators,

the professional crystal-ball gazers, and with them all those curious shadow figures of the trust-international, the striped-suit boys who might be called the tramps of diplomacy.

And during this past week, they watched a gorgeous frameup, a piece of business so dirty it stank to the highest heavens—they watched a piece of business so crass, so vulgar, so obvious that it was completely beyond belief, and their only reaction was to laugh and nudge each other, and then dash for the telephones. I insert this to remark upon the difference between what actually happened and what was pictured to have happened in the press.

I want to tell, in the little space I have here, what I saw happen. It was not the end of the world, not the end of the UNO; if it were that, then it would be pointless to write this piece. It was a diversion, a diplomatic stroke intended to discredit and isolate the USSR—and because the USSR, having given millions of its lives to the cause of world peace, would not accept the insult, would not be used in a manner so shameful, the stroke went further than ever intended.

But the UNO will go on because it must; the alternative is too dreadful for even Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Truman to contemplate with any pleasure.

AS SIMPLY as I can line it out, here is what happened at the Hunter gymnasium this first week.

A plan was projected by the imperialist Anglo-American bloc; the plan was not very complicated and not very clever. Russian troops were in northern Iran. Iran is a private preserve of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. It was important to the imperialists that an independent democratic movement in northern Iran should not endanger these oil interests. Now, in previous discussions of the UNO council, Russia had agreed to negotiate with Iran. But such agreement was not enough; here, an opportunity presented itself to discredit Russia, and for America and England to emerge as the champion (*sic*) of small nations and as the foe of imperialism.

Thereupon, a character called Hussein Ala, ambassador from Iran, presented the UNO secretariat with a series of letters which charged the Soviet Union with violating her agreement to

evacuate her troops from Iran, and demanded that the case of Iran come before this session of the UNO Security Council. Ambassador Gromyko of the USSR replied by letter that discussions were under way between Iran and the USSR, and asked, quite reasonably, that the Iran hearing be postponed to April 10.

When you consider that only a two-weeks postponement was asked for, that one of the great powers of the earth was involved, that this power was our recent ally in a mighty war for freedom—then, indeed, it does not seem that the USSR was demanding the moon and the stars, or plotting to wreck the peace. But let us see what happened.

The meeting opened. The first two matters of business were disposed of in less than an hour. Then the question of Iran was raised. Ambassador Gromyko asked for the floor, and after stating that negotiations between Iran and the USSR were proceeding, that the USSR was already evacuating her troops from Iran, that the evacuation would be completed within a few weeks if nothing unforeseen happened, he asked that the matter of Iran be stricken from the agenda. He pointed out that the Security Council was set up to consider only those questions which could not be solved by bilateral discussion of the nations involved and which thereby threatened world peace. Since the question of Iran was so far on its way to a conclusion, he did not think it was properly the business of the meeting.

At this point, in the light of what happened after Gromyko's opening speech, we might consider why he took the stand he did. Quite obviously, he saw that the Iranian issue would be used to slander the Soviet Union, and he saw the Soviet Union put in a position where she could not prevent a group of powers from using the Security Council as a weapon against her. Therefore, from the very beginning, Gromyko stated that the USSR, being in the process of solving the problem, did not wish it on the agenda—and shortly after this, he added that if the matter did come on the agenda, the USSR would not participate in discussion of it before April 10.

He put himself on the record from the beginning. How, then, were so many people surprised and astounded when Russia finally left?

Now, after Gromyko's initial speech, every effort and word of the Anglo-American bloc was directed toward steam-rolling the Iran matter through. Only Dr. Oscar Lange of Poland voted with Gromyko to keep the subject off the agenda. Mahmoud Hassan Pasha, representing Egypt, whose own people are being murdered by British bullets, made the leading motions and abased himself to his smooth masters. Byrnes wept for the small nations, not mentioning, of course, certain small nations as, for example, the Phillipines, Puerto Rico, Cuba. Cadogan of England wept copious tears along with him, likewise neglecting certain small nations—Greece, for example—where British troops and British bayonets “uphold” the rights of small nations to the integrity of their soil—not mentioning the two dozen small nations of the Empire, where the iron heel of Britain murders freedom, day in and day out. Van Kleffens of Holland joined in the chorus, having put out of his mind the screams of Indonesians, murdered by British and Dutch troops at this very moment. Najera of Mexico added his voice—but not the voice of his countrymen, who have their own ideas about imperialism.

And so it went. It was a circus, believe me. Only Poland and Australia raised their voices, and in the face of the solid anti-Russian pressure, Hodgson of

Australia, who reminds one with his evident integrity of a middle-western liberal American, withdrew. When the going got rough, Byrnes dropped any pretense of fair play, and the urbane chairman, Quo Tai-chi of China, readily surrendered even nominal leadership to him.

Through all of this, there was no doubting that Gromyko was stalling for time. He had no desire to be forced out of the council. He knew that whatever he did, the American press would gang up on the USSR; he evidently had no illusions about fair play, decency and an objective view of the situation by our press. He was stalling with a purpose, and against that purpose, Byrnes forced discussion. When Quo would have adjourned the second session at 1 P.M. Byrnes kept it going until after 6 P.M. But on the third day, Gromyko received what he had been waiting for. With just the faintest note of triumph in his voice, he read a message from the Soviet official news agency, Tass, in which the premier of Iran expressed confidence that the problems would be solved bilaterally, reproved Hussein Ala, the ambassador, and warned against such performances in the future.

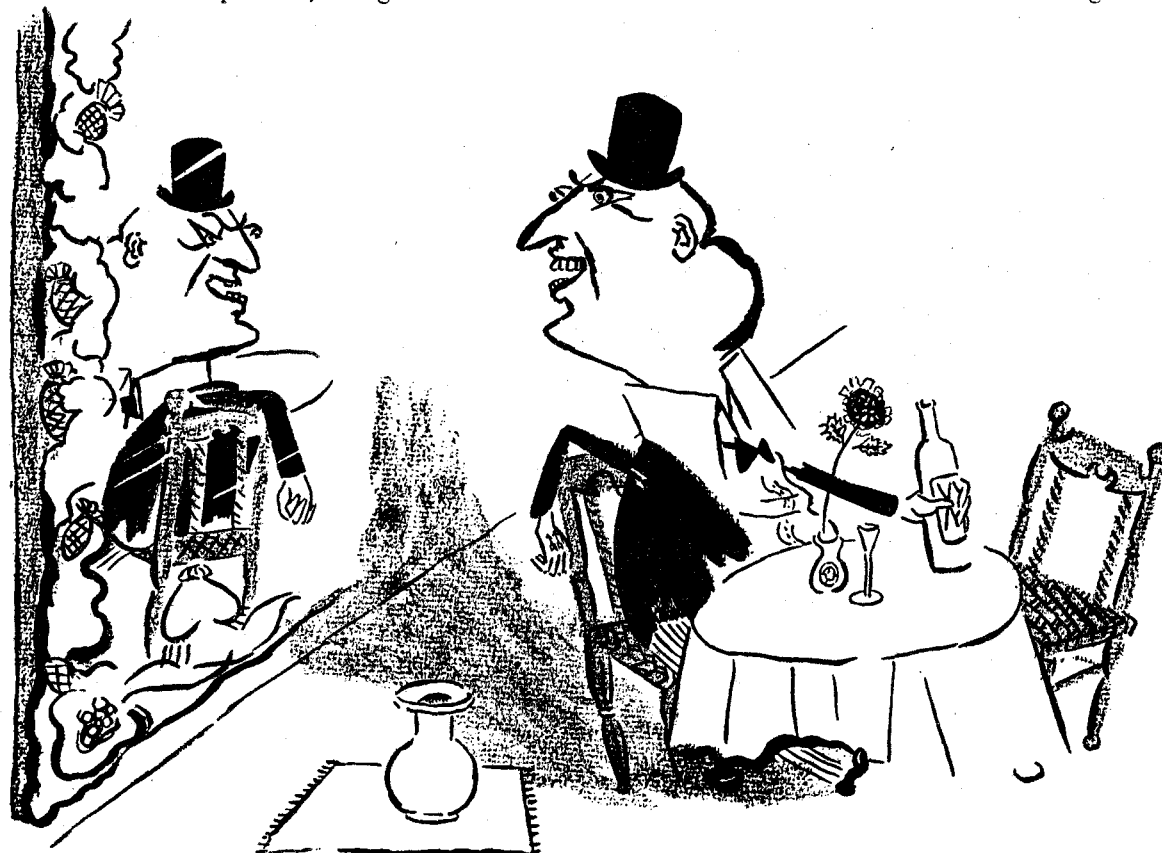
But from what followed, you would have thought that Gromyko had not spoken at all. His words were ignored. The Egyptian motion, to admit the twice-discredited Ala to the council

table, was voted upon and passed, and Gromyko had no other recourse than to rise and leave. Otherwise, he himself would have cast the dignity and integrity of his nation in the dust.

VERY briefly, that is what happened during the first four days at Hunter College. I spoke of the press before; sitting in a gallery, surrounded by newsmen, their reactions become part of the drama. When Gromyko left, the chairman would have adjourned to the next day; but again Byrnes forced the council to remain in session. So overtly, so crassly did he lead into the Iran thing, inviting Ala up, allowing Ala to launch a long, vitriolic attack on the USSR, interrupting it when it became ludicrous to remind Ala that they were considering procedure and not yet the case of Iran versus the USSR, then asking Ala leading, obvious questions, that the gallery around me rocked with laughter. If peace and hope were being murdered, it was not done subtly, and no newspaperman there was deceived.

All through those first sessions, Gromyko had dignity and right on his side; I must have spoken to very many of the working press, and Gromyko had their undivided sympathy. Whatever they felt about the Soviet Union, they respected the one man at the council who was outstanding for his directness, his forthrightness and his firmness in a dangerous and provocative situation.

As I said before, I don't think this is the end of either the UNO or of hope; only one who sees life and history as a static array of power would believe that. Byrnes played a crude hand of cards, and Gromyko called him—but it goes further than that. Great powers are not poker players, and the lives of my children and yours are not proper stakes for a gambling cloth. It is time we let those who rule this land know that the most precious thing on earth is not their power or their lust for power, but the lives of human beings.



"GENTLEMEN, I SAY WE WANT FRIENDSHIP WITH THE SOVIET UNION."

MOVING FORWARD

By ALBERT MALTZ

WE LIVE in a period of social convulsion greater than the world has ever seen. Poverty, depression, colonial enslavement; racism, war, political conspiracy, mass murder—these are the problems with which humanity must deal. In this world of acute struggle, writers, like everyone else, live and work. Since the nature of their work is such that it is capable of influencing the thoughts, emotions and actions of others, it is right and good that the world should hold them responsible for what they write, and that they should hold themselves responsible.

I have believed this for quite some years now. I have also believed that in our time Marxism can be the bread of life to a serious writer. With these convictions, I published an article in the *NEW MASSES* some weeks ago which was greeted by severe criticism. The sum total of this criticism was that my article was not a contribution to the development of the working class cultural movement, but that its fundamental ideas, on the contrary, would lead to the paralysis and liquidation of left-wing culture.

These are serious charges, and rendered lightly, nor taken to me. Indeed the seriousness of the discussion flows from the fact that my article was not published in the *Social Democratic New Leader* (which, to my humiliation, has since commented on it with wolfish approval), but that it was published in the *NEW MASSES*.

In the face of these criticisms, I have been spending the intervening weeks in serious thought. I have had to ask myself a number of questions: Were the criticisms of my article sound? If so, by what process of thought had I, despite earnest intentions, come to write the article in the terms I did?

Intimately connected with these personal questions were broader matters demanding inquiry by others as well as by myself. If the criticisms of my article were sound, why was it that a number of friends, who read the manuscript prior to publication, and whose convictions are akin to mine, had not come to such severe conclusions? And why was it that the *NEW MASSES* accepted the article without comment to me, indeed with only a note of approval from the literary editor? And why was it that even after the criticisms of my article

appeared, I daily received letters which protested the "tone" of the criticisms of me, but considered that at worst I only had fallen into a few "unfortunate" formulations?

I have come to quite a number of conclusions about these questions. And if I discuss the process of my arriving at them with some intimacy, I hope the reader will bear with me, since I know no other way of dealing honestly with the problems involved. I particularly invite those who have written me letters of approval to consider whether some of the remarks I have to make about myself may not be also appropriate to them.

I CONSIDER now that my article—by what I have come to agree was a one-sided, non-dialectical treatment of complex issues—could not, as I had hoped, contribute to the development of left-wing criticism and creative writing. I believe also that my critics were entirely correct in insisting that certain fundamental ideas in my article would, if pursued to their conclusion, result in the dissolution of the left-wing cultural movement.

The discussion surrounding my article has made me aware of a trend in my own thinking, and in the thinking of at least some others in the left-wing cultural movement: namely, a tendency to abstract errors made by Left critics from the total social scene—a tendency then to magnify those errors and to concentrate attention upon them without reference to a balanced view of the many related forces which bear upon Left culture—and hence a tendency to advance from half-truths to total error.

Let me illustrate this point: in the thirties, as there seems to be general agreement, left-wing criticism was not always conducted on the deepest, or most desirable, or most useful level. Its effectiveness was lowered by tendencies toward doctrinaire judgments and toward a mechanical application of social criticism. And these tendencies *must* be understood and analyzed if working-class culture is to advance to full flower. But, on the other hand, the inadequacies of criticism, such as they were, are only a small and partial aspect of the left-wing cultural movement as a whole. The full truth—as I have been aware for many years, and as I was thoroughly aware even when writing my article, is

this: from the left-wing cultural movement in America, and from the left-wing internationally, has come the only major, healthy impetus to an honest literature and art that these last two decades have provided. Compound the errors of Left cultural thought as high as you will—still its errors are small as compared to its useful contribution, are tiny as compared to the giant liberating and constructive force of Marxist ideas upon culture. As a matter of sheer fact this is such a self-evident proposition that it doesn't require someone of my conviction to state it; it has been acknowledged even by reactionary critics who, naturally, have then gone on falsely to declare that the liberating force of Left culture has run its course and expired.

This total truth about the left wing is therefore the only proper foundation and matrix for a discussion of specific errors in the practice of social criticism and creative writing. It was in the omission of this total truth—in taking it for granted—in failing to record the host of writers who have been, and are now, nourished by the ideas and aspirations of the left wing—that I presented a distorted view of the facts, history and contribution of left-wing culture to American life. This was not my desire, but I accept it as the objective result. And, at the same time, by my one-sided zeal in attempting to correct errors, etc., I wrote an article that opened the way for the *New Leader* to seize upon my comments in order to "support" its unprincipled slanders against the Left.

Of all that my article unwittingly achieved, this is the most difficult pill for me to swallow. My statements are now being offered up as fresh proof of the old lie: that the Left puts artists in uniform. But it is a pill I have had to swallow, and that I now want to dissolve.

WHO and what keep artists in uniform? In our society uniforms are indeed fitted for artists at every turn. But how? By a system of education which instructs a whole society in the belief that the status quo is unalterable, that social inequality is normal, that race prejudice is natural; by a social order which puts writing talent at the disposal of Hearst and artistic talent at the disposal of advertising agencies; by a total pressure made up of economic pressures

and intellectual pressures and moral pressures, all designed to harness writers, artists, teachers, journalists, scientists, into willing or confused or frightened support of the established order in society, into maintaining, if need be, capitalist poverty, crime, prostitution, the cycle of wars and depressions—into maintaining all of this by their *talents*. *This* is the way in which artists, unless they break loose in conscious and organized protest, are put into one of the many, elegantly-cut uniforms offered them by our Kings of Monopoly, our Lords of the Press, Radio, etc.

No, it is not the left wing that is guilty of this. On the contrary. The left wing, by its insistence that artists must be free to speak the absolute truth about society, by the intellectual equipment it offers in Marxist scientific thought, is precisely the force that can help the artist strip himself of the many uniforms into which he has been stepping since birth.

This is my conviction, and it has been my conviction for years. For precisely this reason it highlights the contradiction between my intentions in writing my article—and its result. By allowing a subjective concentration upon problems met in my own writing in the past to become a major preoccupation, I produced an article distinguished for its omissions, and succeeded in merging my comments with the unprincipled attacks upon the Left that I have always repudiated and combatted.

And this, as I said earlier, is the process by which one-sided thinking can lead to total error—it is the process by which objects, seen in a distortion mirror, can be recognized, but bear no relation to their precise features. It was this, among other things, that my critics pointed out sharply. For that criticism I am indebted. Ideas and opinions are worth holding when they are right, not when they are wrong. The effort to be useful involves always the possibility of being wrong; the right of being wrong, however, bears with it the moral obligation to analyze errors and to correct them. Anything else is irresponsible.

THE second major criticism of the thinking in my article revolved about a separation between art and ideology, which was traced in varied terms, through a number of illustrations I had used and concepts I had advanced. I suppose I might claim here that it was merely inept formulation on my part which resulted in an “impression” that I was separating art from politics, the artist from the citizen, etc. But in the

For the Day

For the day when the world like a healed beast
comes forth from the mud,
and the ridiculous sparrows spangle the air with their
twitterings;

for the day when the massed and polished armies parade
their might
on the avenues gladdened by girls
and the tub-thumpers wallop away with the salvoes of
Sunday words;

for the day when the regular forces parade before notables
and we have forgotten the Ebro, Teruel and Madrid
and the men in civilian clothes on the paths of the Pyrenees;

for that day, remember a face;
let there be toasts—a ghostling call, a sinking ship,
a fist clenched, a single bugle blown,

and one salvo from one lone gun for you,
O International Brigade, who broke the path!

MILT ROE.

course of reading and re-reading the criticisms of my article and the article itself, I have come to agree that I did make the separations mentioned, and that I made them not only in the writing, but in my thinking on the specific problems I was discussing.

Once again, this is the result of a one-sided, non-dialectical approach. Out of a desire to find clear, creative paths for my own work and the work of others, I felt it necessary to combat the current of thought that, in the past, has tended to establish a mechanical relationship between ideology and art—a tendency that works particular harm to creative writing because it encourages a narrow, sloganized literature instead of a living reflection of society. However, in the course of this “contribution,” as has been pointed out, I severed the organic connection between art and ideology.

This is not a small matter, but a serious one. For if the progress of literature and art is separate from thought, if the ideas of a writer bear no intimate relationship to the work he produces, then even fascists can produce good art. This is not only contrary to historic fact, but it is theoretically absurd. Good art has always, and will always, come from writers who love people, who ally themselves with the fate of the people, with the struggle of the people for social

advancement. It is precisely because fascists must hate people that twelve years of Nazi Germany produced not one piece of art in any field. It is for this reason that a writer like Celine, the Frenchman, who began with a talented work of protest, but who found no constructive philosophy for his protest, ended in corrupt cynicism, in hatred of people, in the artistic sterility of the fascist. It is for the same reason that the talent of American writers like Farrell and Dos Passos has not matured but has, on the contrary, gone into swift downgrade, into sheer dullness as well as the purveying of untruth.

Here I want to interrupt for a word of comment on Farrell. I agree now that my characterization of him was decidedly lax, and that it was the inadvertent, but inevitable, result of the line of thinking in my article that separated art from ideology and politics. I want to make clear, however, that while “a mild attitude toward Trotskyites” was apparently the net effect upon readers of my comments, it was not at all what I had in mind, and it decidedly does not reflect my opinions. Actually if I had been attempting a thorough examination of Farrell, there would have been much more to say—and I want to say some of it now.

Farrell’s history and work are the best example I know of the manner in

which a poisoned ideology and an increasingly sick soul can sap the talent and wreck the living fibre of a man's work. This has been clear for quite some time now; his literary work has become weak, dull, repetitious. But precisely because this is so, and because his one outstanding work, *Studs Lonigan*, which ranks high among contemporary American novels—deservedly, I believe—was written before he became a Trotskyite, it is essential to trace dialectically in his work—as in the work of others like him—the process of artistic decay. It was not something I was “cheering” about, but it is something to reckon with as sheer fact that Farrell, Wright, Dos Passos, Koestler, etc., are “not through writing yet,” that they are going to produce other books. If no one in America read these authors, one could settle by ignoring them. But this is not the case; they are widely read. As I see it, the effective manner of dealing with their work is not to be content merely with contemptuous references; this will not satisfy those who, ignorant of their political roles, know only their novels. What is needed is profound analysis of the method and logic by which their anti-Soviet, anti-people, anti-labor, attitudes enter their work, pervert their talents, turn them into tools and agents of reaction. Only in this manner can other writers be made to see clearly the artistic consequences of political corruption, only in this manner can the struggle for a mass audience be conducted in a persuasive and mature manner.

At this point I should like to ask a question particularly of those who read my earlier article with approval, or with only sketchy criticism: What is the sum of what I have been saying up until now?

It seems clear to me, as I hope it is already clear to them, that I have been discussing and illustrating revisionism, and that my article, as pointed out by others, was a specific example of revisionist thinking in the cultural field.

For what is revisionism? It is distorted Marxism, turning half-truths into total untruths, splitting ideology from its class base, denying the existence of class struggles in society, converting Marxism from a science of society and struggle into apologetics for monopoly exploitation. In terms of my article I think the clearest summation was given by Samuel Sillen in the *Daily Worker*:

“A hasty reading of the article may give the impression that it merely offers suggestions for correcting admitted de-

(Continued on page 21)

WHITEWASH ON THE BLACKBOARD

By VIRGINIA HARTNETT

AT THIS moment the educational leadership of the City of New York is being lit up in all its bankruptcy, corruption and reaction by the lurid glare of the May Quinn case.

Before that light is extinguished, before the fires of public indignation die down, it would be well for all progressive organizations, and in the first place the trade union movement, to make a fundamental analysis of the role they must play in creating a decent educational apparatus.

Let us face the facts. Our children are being robbed of an education. The great democratic, anti-fascist ideals for which the people—if not their leaders—fought this war, are being made a mockery of in our school system. Leadership in that system is educationally bankrupt. It is completely unrepresentative of the best educational and democratic thought in our city. It is completely unrepresentative of the parents, the teachers, the trade union movement, the Negro people, or any other democratic people's groups. It has been responsive only to the reactionary interests of the Chamber of Commerce, the real estate boards and the Catholic hierarchy.

Historically, it was the trade union movement which was the major force in fighting for the creation of a free public school system in this country. The labor and progressive movement is now faced with the equally grave responsibility of becoming the primary force in influencing the course of democratic education.

No one would deny that our unions are faced with tremendous tasks in conducting their economic and political struggles. But the stakes being played for in our educational system are also very high—the education of our children. What is at stake is the future investment of organized labor. And labor must either battle for the minds of the citizens of tomorrow or surrender them to reaction.

To put the question in its baldest form, can organized labor afford to allow our schools to turn out regularly

hundreds of thousands of boys and girls imbued with anti-union prejudices, thoroughly steeped in the ideas that the enemies of labor pour into our school system through a thousand daily channels? What type of leadership is being exercised now by our educational authorities?

Let Commissioner George Chatfield speak for the members of the Board of Education who perpetrated the majority decision in the Quinn case.

Said he: “Mr. Marshall gave it (the Quinn case) a gravity we did not feel. I think the issue was one of those casual things that developed out of all rightful proportions.” — “One of those casual things!”

Let us remember that the board was not dealing alone with a teacher whose callous indifference and bigotry made her unfit to associate with children. It was not dealing alone with a teacher who used a scurrilous, subversive Christian Front leaflet which attacked the patriotism of the Jewish people; who called Italians “greasy foreigners”; who praised Hitler; who argued against the principles of equality and tolerance; who stated that “all labor leaders were gangsters and Communists”; and who, if we are to believe the evidence, was more than guilty of perjury. Nor was it dealing alone with a teacher who attacked our war effort at the blackest period of our military history; who spoke against rationing, the sale of war bonds, women's participation in the war effort, our armed forces, and the democratic aims of the war.

It was dealing here with a conscious leader of reaction. It was dealing with a woman who was the president of the American Education Association, which from its inception acquired a notorious reputation for spreading anti-Semitism and other bigoted propaganda among teachers in New York City. This was an organization that attacked the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America (representing 28,000,000 Protestants in the US) as “too radical”; an organization that apologized for the Christian Front.



This Week's Rankest



"Reds, Reds, Reds! Everywhere you look!"—Senator Rankst.

a teacher whose staunchest defender was Edward Lodge Curran, Father Coughlin's eastern representative.

"One of those casual things —!"

It is little wonder that the one notable exception on the board, James Marshall, was compelled to say in his indictment of the shocking majority decision: "We began with the trial of May Quinn. The decision of this board now places the Board of Education on trial before the bar of public opinion."

Public opinion has already tried the Board of Education and found it guilty. This has been attested to sufficiently by picket lines, mass delegations and mass demonstrations. It is attested to by the projected mass meetings of the American Jewish Congress and the United Parents' Association. It is shown by the indignation voiced by the *Herald Tribune*, the NAACP, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the progressive teachers' organizations, and numerous labor, people's and veterans' organizations.

Now one George A. Timone has been added to this board from a list submitted to Mayor O'Dwyer by

Cardinal Spellman. Since Mayor O'Dwyer disregarded the strong pleas of countless groups from Rabbi Stephen S. Wise to the CIO to appoint a representative of the Negro people, it is interesting to note the great educational qualifications possessed by this appointee.

According to *PM* of March 8, "Timone has devoted his public life primarily to decrying Communism, ferreting out 'indecent,' and, before the war, sponsoring isolationist and pro-Franco movements."

Other of his democratic achievements include raising his voice to protest the appointment in 1940 of Bertrand Russell as a professor at City College, and to attack the CIO Teachers Union as being "Communist controlled." In 1939 he was co-sponsor of a pro-Franco "Keep America Out of War" rally together with Christian Fronters and Coughlinites.

In passing, it might be noted that the wisdom of appointing to a board of public education a man whose children attend private and parochial schools has been seriously questioned by parents' organizations.

With such leadership, is it surprising that William Randolph Hearst becomes for our children the model of good citizenship? Last fall this "great American," who recently was indicted anew by the testimony of the Nazi prisoners in the docks at Nuremberg, organized a conference on juvenile delinquency. Principals of academic and vocational high schools were instructed by the superintendents to select students to receive awards for good citizenship at this conference. Fortunately, most Brooklyn schools voted not to attend, and only two were represented. One of the students forced to attend was reported to have said at the presentation: "I do not accept awards from Hearst."

Army Orientation Fact Sheet 64 on fascism analyzes what fascism is, how it can be identified and stopped in the United States, how it is diametrically opposed to Communism. Is it surprising that this fact sheet should be barred from the vocational schools of this city by the head of that division, Associate Superintendent George Pigott? Veterans who fought against fascism—and who in many cases will carry forever the scars of wounds inflicted by fascism—are thus, on their return to the classroom, finding instruction on the nature of the enemy *verboten*.

It is not a coincidence that the vocational schools are also the sore spots of our entire school system—chaotic, inefficient, miserably supplied with texts and tools, housed in the oldest and worst buildings. These are the schools attended by the children of the working class. These are the schools to which go the boys and girls who will some day take their places in office, shop and factory. Is it not to the direct interest of the trade unions that they take serious note of such conditions and take steps to correct them?

Fact sheets on fascism are barred while such a magazine as *Readers' Digest* becomes recommended reading and in most schools is sold to students. During the war, a member of the Teachers Union reported from Italy that one of the propaganda leaflets with which his outfit had been shelled by the enemy was a reprint from an article from *Readers' Digest*. Perhaps the Board of Education is not aware of such an incident. Surely, however, it is not unaware of the pronounced anti-labor, anti-Negro, anti-Soviet complexion of this so-called digest.

THE Board of Education and the superintendents have done nothing to discourage the sale of such a magazine. Nor have they responded to the vigorous

protests of the Teachers Union and other groups against the inclusion of biased material in textbooks and books on recommended reading lists. The texts are full of slurs against the trade unions. They are notably objectionable in their distorted treatment of the history of the Negro people, especially in the Reconstruction Period. They are full of the stereotypes which help to keep alive prejudices against Negroes and other minority groups. They treat the Soviet Union in a biased, unscientific and distorted way.

Whatever has been done so far to correct these situations has been done by bitter struggle of the teachers against the heavy hand of a narrow, unenlightened authority above them.

At this point it is relevant to ask: can a great, organized labor movement such as exists in New York City tolerate the teaching of slanders against it by even a single teacher, much less the thousands who now do so with impunity?

If our trade union members took the trouble to examine the notebooks of their children, they would discover that it is not uncommon for the student to receive as his introduction to the sub-

ject an assignment such as "Name seven evils of the trade unions."

Should they not conduct a fight to see that the principle enunciated recently by Secretary of Labor Schwelienbach shall be the guiding light of all teaching on this subject? "The philosophy of unionism represents in economic life the human rights for which the veterans fought. The right to organize has meant to millions of American workers the realization of their rights to economic freedom and security, and to a voice in their own destinies."

The battle for the minds of our future citizens must be joined. Reaction must no longer be permitted to hold the initiative. What is necessary first of all is a real campaign to replace the present board with an elected nonpartisan board responsive to the interests of the people. In a recent survey seventy-four percent of the cities studied were found to have elected Boards of Education. The best educational thought has already indicated the superiority of such boards. The Hulan Jack bill now in the legislature provides for this type of board.

There must be a vigorous campaign to prevent the reappointment of Miss

Mary Dillon, president of the Brooklyn Union Gas Co., as head of the Board of Education when her term expires on March 31. Representatives of organized labor, the Negro people, and persons of unimpeachable democratic integrity must replace all those who participated in the disgraceful whitewash of May Quinn. Nor is it too early to participate in the selection of a successor to Dr. Wade as superintendent of schools next year.

As an immediate step the Board of Education must be flooded with demands that it reconsider its decision on the Quinn case and dismiss May Quinn from the schools. And Mayor O'Dwyer should be asked to call at once for Mr. Timone's resignation.

Finally, it is necessary for the unions to digest the lessons of the Rapp-Coudert campaign a few years ago against some of the most progressive teachers in the city. For unless we support to the utmost those who are the staunchest defenders of organized labor and the democratic way of life, we can never hope to see in the schools a system of education that is based upon the needs and the hopes of the people.

Then I Woke Up

Time: Tomorrow. Place: The Milky Way. Persons: Father Time, gossiping with a tourist.

IT WAS a wonderful age, that atom age. It rang, and it stopped, just like an alarm clock. Up in heaven, the angels knew something had happened. "Close that window," they sighed. A faint draft ruffled their wings for the first time since Adam and Eve left the door open and were sent to hell.

Down there, the tenants hollered through the cellar door: "Hey, janitor!—what's the matter with the heat? This is a hell of a place!" And old Beezlebub wheezed and turned up the radiators until everybody was sizzling again.

It was a wonderful age, that atom age. I'd like to tell you what the folks on Earth looked like, but I just can't recall a face. Yes, they had something there, half-way between their eyes and their hair. But they just didn't have the know-how.

They could dish it out; they could take it; but they couldn't learn to count. They just couldn't keep score. So it wasn't till it was all over that lots of them found out the Russians didn't have two tails.

Hush! Watch sharp! Do you see that pair of eyebrows yonder, sailing by just under the Big Dipper? Those eyebrows are all that's left of The Greatest Business Man That Ever Lived. Looks like Hoover, doesn't it? He's harmless now. We let it fly around. Gives the street cleaning department something to do, wiping up after him. This Milky Way is too damn clean anyhow!

It was a wonderful age, that atom age. It opened at

the end of the world victory over the Nazis. It closed with the world well on the way to punctuality and socialism. Things were looking hunky-dory, from a scientific point of view when—plunkety plunk plunk!—the Hoover boys started planting atom bombs around. You could hardly sit down without squashing one. Or vice versa.

The workers heaved and hove, but they couldn't get that old Free Enterprise Man of the Sea off their backs in time. It wasn't that the atom bomb age came too quick, but time began to speed up, and all the clocks got out of kilter.

Time locks began to pop in the banks in the middle of the night! Half the Congress would be answering at different times to the same roll call, while the rest were out in Missouri looking for a Truman voter.

Naturally, the banks got bankrupter and bankrupter. The bankrupter they got, the more atom bombs they shot. Finally, the last bank exploded with a little puff, up in Juneau, Alaska. All the snow melted, and there wasn't any more.

TAKE a squint through this spy glass. See that mousy-looking patch? Yes, that's her. Old Lady Earth herself. Nothing but a gray desert, with all the oceans dried up to sand.

Did you notice—this is the vernal equinox? You're just in the nick of time. Look over there—in the middle of the world desert. See that tiny blade of grass, cute as a kewpie curl? It sprouts up every spring. It's all that's left of the idea of what the world might have been.

WALTER LOWENFELS.

WHERE IS FRANCE HEADING?

By DEREK KARTUN

Paris (by mail)

THE fight of reaction against the forward march of democracy in France, which from the time of the liberation had been based upon the existence in power of a nominated government carefully weighted on the side of reaction, entered a new phase at the end of last October when the first post-war elections took place. Under the leadership of General de Gaulle and with the mistaken support of the Socialists the electoral law of October 21 was fastened on the country for the duration of the Consultative Assembly. This law successfully curbed the Assembly's powers and sheltered the government from effective criticism by the Socialist-Communist majority.

De Gaulle's referendum also gave him a moral ascendancy which very rapidly made the cabinet into much the same type of one-man band that the previous Algiers government had been. Important matters were kept off cabinet agendas and every conceivable device was used by reaction to prevent the program to which the three main parties were committed from being put into operation. Urgent structural reforms such as the bank nationalization bill were drastically curtailed; reductions in army estimates were refused by the General under threat of resignation; vital salary increases for civil servants were turned down under threat of resignation by the Popular Republican Movement (MRP) ministers. It was a period of hard braking on the part of French reaction, represented in the cabinet by de Gaulle and the MRP, and constant straining on the part of the Socialist and Communist parties to get those measures carried out which were absolutely vital for the consolidation of democracy and the rebuilding of France's shattered economy.

By the end of January, confronted with a drawing together of the left-wing parties in defense of their program, and discerning the dark shadow of impending economic disaster, the ruling class decided to withdraw the General from the front line and keep him in reserve to fight another day. Upon a specious and unconvincing pretext General de Gaulle suddenly resigned on January 20 and declared through his friends that he had definitely retired from political life.

Owing to the reluctance of the So-

cialists to work in a two-party government with the Communists and the refusal of the MRP to participate in any government led by the Communist Party, it was hoped and expected that complete political deadlock would ensue. Such a deadlock, at a time of widespread public indignation at the worsening food situation, might lead to a call for the General to return to power on his own terms, immensely strengthened after a second direct mandate from the people over the head of the Assembly. But a supple and conciliatory attitude on the part of the Communists, who waived their legitimate right as the largest party to claim the leadership of the government, and a sudden awakening of many Socialists to the fact that they had been gravely misled by the General in whom they had placed so much faith in the October elections, successfully countered this maneuver. A government was formed in the remarkably short time of six days under the presidency of Socialist Felix Gouin, whose good record in the working-class movement and previous position as president of the Assembly placed him above the parties and thus made him a suitable figure to hold the three participants in the new government together. In spite of severe internal disagreements and upheavals, which were to reassert themselves more sharply at a later date, the MRP agreed to join the Gouin ministry.

A government having been successfully formed, it was still hoped by French reaction that it would be wrecked on the fearful legacy which the de Gaulle administration had left behind. Writing early in February Jacques Duclos of the Communist Party said: "During the ministerial crisis of last January the plan of reaction was simple: it was a question of showing that the Constituent Assembly was incapable of forming a government; and if the hopes of reaction had been fulfilled we would then have witnessed an offensive from that quarter which would seriously have menaced democracy in our country. And now the plan of reaction is still the same: it is a question of preventing the government from carrying out its task of restoring the health of the country's finances. If that were successful a mortal blow could be dealt to democracy and a situation could be

produced favorable to the plans of the enemies of the people. Actually, we must expect that everything will be done to hinder the government in the execution of its task."

IT WAS found, to the immense surprise of the political leaders and the whole country, that de Gaulle's protege at the Ministry of Finance, Rene Pleven, had left the financial affairs of the country in a ruinous position and, with the connivance of the General, had managed to keep the truth entirely hidden from the previous cabinet. France had been printing a billion francs of paper money every day for several months and was embarked upon a wild inflationary spiral. The country was living well above its means and a few more weeks would inevitably have led to disaster. The food situation, too, was deteriorating, and dissatisfaction was widespread.

Reaction estimated that in such circumstances no government which lacked the commanding presence and national prestige of de Gaulle could possibly survive for more than a week or two. But the people of France in the last few weeks have responded to the frank statements of the Gouin cabinet, which took the country into its confidence and gave a complete account of the grave financial difficulties. Signs are just appearing that public confidence in the government is being consolidated. At the beginning of March, for the first time since the liberation, subscriptions to treasury bonds exceeded redemptions by 18,000,000,000 francs. Inflation has been arrested and national savings show a steady increase over the January and February totals. These facts are the reflection of the confidence of the small bourgeoisie, the mass of the saving public in France, in the government. In the first three days after being placed on the market three-fifths of the loan destined for the nationalization of the mines were subscribed.

Above all, the French workers have demonstrated once again their high level of political understanding by responding magnificently to Communist Maurice Thorez' repeated entreaties for greater production. The Communist Party is waging a nationwide campaign for more coal, steel, textiles and building mate-

rials, and the workers have understood that the whole future of democracy in France depends upon their ability to get the wheels of industry turning again. French reaction has understood precisely the same thing, and every effort of the Communists and the trade unions to increase production is being met with counter-moves from the other side.

The Minister of Labor, Ambroise Croizat, recently decreed increases on overtime rates above forty hours to encourage production. The immediate reaction of many employers has been to reduce working hours. Many factories which used to work forty-eight hours weekly are now on forty-five or even forty hours. Communist Production Minister Marcel Paul's nationalization project for the gas and electricity industries, which was accepted some time back by all three government parties, was being opposed during March by the MRP. The effect of such delaying tactics is to retard once again the economic recovery of the country.

In spite of this sabotage impressive efforts are being made by the workers in the face of extreme practical difficulties and hardships. The battle for coal has been won with production now in excess of prewar output; several new blast furnaces have been lighted in recent weeks with a resultant increase in steel production; some textile factories have so far solved their raw material and fuel problems as to be working three eight-hour shifts daily.

WHILE this battle has been proceeding on the home front, reaction has been making desperate attempts to rally its friends in Britain and America against the forward march of the French people. When General de Gaulle resigned in January his Minister of Information, Andre Malraux, was busy painting grim pictures to British and American journalists of the dangers of a "Russian-dominated government" in France. Maurice Schumann, Secretary of the MRP, repeated in a recent speech the old cry of General de Gaulle that the French Communists are dominated by Moscow. He added, to make full measure, that the Socialists are dominated by London, and that therefore only the MRP was capable of providing France with a foreign policy which would maintain the balance between east and west.

With the commencement on March 1 of the constitutional discussions in the Assembly, the game of French reaction has entered upon a new and extremely important phase. Side by side with the



Woodcut by Antonio Frasconi.

efforts to retard economic recovery, the struggle against a democratic constitution, in fact against any constitution at all, is now being waged by the MRP with the active support of the extreme right. The general strategy is a sort of French filibuster to prevent the passing of the constitutional project before the expiration of the life of the Constituent Assembly at the end of April. It may be expected that every important clause will be haggled and quarrelled over in the hope that nothing will be decided and that France will have to embark upon a further "provisional" period in order to elaborate her new constitution. Such an eventuality would be catastrophic. Public disgust and cynicism and governmental instability would then provide the perfect atmosphere for appeals to be made to the reluctant General to re-

turn as the strong-man savior of the country.

To provide against the possible failure of this broad strategy, however, the MRP is fighting tooth and nail at the same time for modifications in the constitutional project (in most essentials a good piece of Socialist-Communist co-operative work) which would leave open a back door through which de Gaulle might, in the last resort, squeeze himself. The very fight for this modification is also an important part of the general delaying tactic. The MRP, at the time of writing, has rebelled at the method proposed for electing the President of the Republic. The Communists and Socialists insist that in order to avoid the slightest suspicion of placing him above and apart from the elected representatives of the people the President should

be elected by the Sovereign Assembly alone. The MRP proposes that he should be elected by the Sovereign Assembly together with the Consultative Chamber (which is itself elected by indirect suffrage). This would clearly mean that the President of the Republic would have powers over the representatives of the people which he derives from another and largely uncontrollable source. It is the only way left to the MRP to get de Gaulle elected and it is the only type of presidential setup which would give him the powers they desire him to have.

While the General remains quietly in the background these maneuvers have continued and will continue with the constant aim of producing a situation suitable for his return under conditions permitting him to assume dictatorial powers. It is interesting to note in support of this estimate that the present fight of the MRP is along exactly the same lines that de Gaulle himself was following when he was taking a semi-open part in the discussions on the new constitution. And it should be remembered that the higher levels of the army and the secret political police are the most bitter enemies of democracy and the staunchest supporters of the General.

THESE successive moves of reaction in France, each more wild and desperate than the last, and each more fundamentally opposed to the needs of the country, are dictated by the march of events in the country and the steadily rising support for the Communist Party.

A recent Gallup poll has revealed that the Communists may expect a six percent increase in their suffrage, against a four percent drop for the Socialists, a three percent drop for the MRP, and a one percent drop for the Right. The Radical-Socialists are rated for a two percent increase. All indications are that the Communists will gain even more heavily than this and will emerge very clearly as the largest party in the country with an incontrovertible right to lead the government. The Party intends to ask the country to return sufficient Communist members at the elections to give them for the first time in their history the direction of the government. Maurice Thorez, who has been Minister of State and is now Vice-Premier, would be the first Communist Prime Minister of France, and the Communist Party would take its full quota of the main political posts in the cabinet.

The French people already know from experience that the Communists produce highly competent ministers and

the work of the eight Communist members of the Gouin cabinet is winning daily support for the Communist Party throughout the country. Greatest progress is being recorded in the rural areas, once the almost exclusive preserve of the Radicals.

Meanwhile the MRP has shown marked signs of restlessness and will probably seize the first pretext for leaving the government in order the better to prepare its electoral campaign.

The dangerous maneuvers of French reaction are also spurred on by the improved relations in recent weeks between Communists and Socialists. The call for unity is becoming louder in the ranks of the Socialist Party, where many rank and filers have understood that the reason for the steady draining away of support from their party is due to the recent policy of flirtation with the reactionary MRP. This desire for agreement between the two working-class parties is finding its reflection in the work at higher levels. There has been good cooperation, after a very bad start, on the framing of the constitution, and the attacks and polemics between the Socialist and Communist press have now ceased. At the recent mighty demonstration in Paris to commemorate the defeat of fascism on Feb. 6, 1934, the procession of 50,000 workers was significantly headed by the Socialist-Communist coordination committee.

Particularly important has been the rejection by the February Conference of Socialist District Secretaries of Leon Blum's proposals for redrafting the party's charter. The conference voted for the retention of the phrase "collective Communist society" in the statement of aims. Indignation ran high at the conference, and Leon Blum's mystical and fundamentally anti-Communist and anti-unitarian proposals have been shelved, probably for good.

De Gaulle and his friends, with sound political insight, have correctly estimated this rapprochement of the two working-class parties as the greatest single danger to their plans, and the right-wing press has been exhorting the Socialists to keep away from the Communists and play their historic role as the last defenders of the "Christian way of life." But because the situation in France demands a close alliance of the democratic parties, such an alliance is being painfully but inevitably worked out, in spite of the propaganda of the Right and the bitter opposition of Leon Blum, Vincent Auriol, and other old-guard leaders.

One aspect of this important con-

solidation on the left has been the final break between the Socialists and the dangerous de Gaulle splinter group known as the UDSR. In spite of repeated warnings from the Communist Party the Socialists made common lists with UDSR candidates in many constituencies at the last elections. Now this group of political adventurers and representatives of de Gaulle's secret police are maneuvering for an alliance with the Radicals which would squeeze a new center party in between the Socialists and the MRP, and might take votes from both. This may lead to the further disintegration of the MRP, already torn by internecine strife, and already losing right-wing support to the newly formed PRL (Republican Liberty Party).

This new right-wing formation groups several of the old reactionary parties and has already embarked upon an election campaign of vilification of the government and wild stories of impending financial collapse designed to produce fresh difficulties for the Gouin administration. There are indications that the right-wing vote will be withdrawn from the MRP, which has served its purpose, and will revert to the traditional right-wing parties, chief of which is now the PRL.

Jacques Duclos, in a recent article in *Les Cahiers du Communisme*, the Communist theoretical magazine, said that "the great battle that is being fought out at the present time is a battle between reaction and democracy." French reaction has seen the growing strength of the Communist Party and the growing desire for unity among the Socialist workers. It has seen its efforts to destroy the Gouin government by provoking financial collapse fail utterly. It has seen its schemes to produce an undemocratic constitution and to engineer the return of de Gaulle being combatted by a Socialist-Communist coalition in defense of the Republic. It knows full well that it is threatened today as it has never been before, and in such a situation the plan of the French ruling class ceases to be the traditional struggle to maintain parliamentary power and becomes a struggle against the democracy which is dispossessing it.

The political scene in France affords clear practical proof of the correctness of the Marxist conception of the present phase of the march towards socialism as a struggle for ever extended and fuller democracy. Such a fight in France is synonymous with the resounding and inescapable defeat of the remnants of Vichy and of fascism, and the final destruction of the power of the trusts.

MONOPOLY'S MISSIONARY

By A. B. MAGIL

This is the second of two articles on the present role of Earl Browder and the political meaning of the ideas he expounds. The first article appeared in our March 26 issue.

TRY this experiment. Read or reread a pamphlet called *Teheran and America* by Earl Browder. This is the text of his report on Jan. 7, 1944 to a meeting of the National Committee of the Communist Party. In that report Browder unveiled an approach to national and international problems which was later characterized by Jacques Duclos, one of the leaders of the French Communist Party, as "a notorious revision of Marxism." Then read or reread another document written only a few days after Browder's report: William Z. Foster's letter to the Communist National Committee. It may be found, together with the text of the Duclos article and other related material, in a recently published booklet, *Marxism-Leninism vs. Revisionism* (New Century Publishers, 25¢). Compare these two documents, both of which delineated perspectives and policies for the future. Which jibes more closely with the world as it actually is today?

It seems to me that any fair-minded person would have to conclude that Browder's report was an idyllic day-dream, moving, as a day-dream often does, with a precise but rootless logic. Foster's words, on the other hand, read as if written with the latest headlines—the headlines of 1946—before him; they have the toughness and tang of reality, a rude and unpleasant reality in many respects, yet one that must be faced with seeing eyes if it is to be mastered.

The fact is events have shown Browder was abysmally wrong when he stated that "that part of the big bourgeoisie which supports Teheran can be the decisive part" [emphasis in the original—A.B.M.]. He was abysmally wrong when he said that British and American ruling circles had come to accept the Soviet Union as a long-time partner and, in turn, the Soviet leaders had been convinced "western capitalist circles had finally learned that the Soviet Union is in this world to stay, and that hostility to it can only bring disaster to themselves as well as to the rest of the world." He was abysmally wrong when

he projected into the postwar period continued cooperation of capital and labor, with the implicit renunciation of strikes. He was abysmally wrong when he held forth the perspective that American big business would voluntarily undertake to double the buying capacity of the domestic market and would develop foreign markets for the benefit of all nations.

It is important to recognize not only that Browder erred so completely, but why. His mistakes flowed inevitably from the fact that he abandoned Marxist-Leninist science—the laws of capitalist economic development whose cornerstone, as Lenin pointed out, is the doctrine of surplus value; the theory of the class struggle; the analysis of imperialism as moribund capitalism in its monopoly stage, generating political reaction; the world outlook and method of dialectical and historical materialism. In place of this science he substituted the economics and politics of the liberal bourgeoisie.

Some people look upon Browder's mistakes as simply an intellectual matter, to be discussed in a comfortable living room between puffs on a cigarette. But Browder was not a private citizen spinning fantasies for the edification of his family circle and friends. He was the

responsible leader of a political party which seeks the support of millions because it represents their interests and brings them liberating truth. When such a leader gives a false estimate of the course of national and international relations, it becomes a mistake of tremendous impact. Browder's ideas powered action. They became the sinews of policy that moved thousands, perhaps millions. The question of whether one should put one's trust in the trusts is therefore the question of whether one should deliver thousands and perhaps millions into the hands of the cannibal class that will devour their strength and their future. It is the question of whether one should aid or resist the forces of fascism and war. It is the question of whether Americans shall live as beasts or human beings.

THERE would be no particular reason to recall this past were it not for the fact that Browder continues to peddle the same wares today as a platform of struggle against the Communist Party and its program. He is peddling them, moreover, under a false label, pretending, in the words of his factional letter to the Yonkers Club of the Communist Party, to defend "the absolutely correct central decisions of our July convention"



"We cannot allow minorities to veto advances by the majority." Attlee on India.

—the very decisions which repudiated his capitalist nostrums and reestablished Marxist science in the work of the Party.

Let us see how Browder “defends” the convention decisions in his weekly publication, *Distributors Guide*, which by his own admission is “circulated exclusively in circles long allies of ours” (that is, of the Communist Party). Has the reactionary imperialist character of American foreign policy, so abundantly revealed since the end of the war, shaken his faith in monopoly capital as the champion of the Teheran agreement? On the contrary, such changes as have taken place in Browder’s thinking have been in the direction of eliminating even those minor rule-of-thumb correctives that formerly were sometimes imposed on him by events. His apologetics for American imperialism have been modified only in the sense that they have become more obsequious and more jesuitical.

Consider, for example, his article on “the new pattern” of American imperialism in the January 19 issue of *Distributors Guide*. What is this “new pattern”? It consists in that “the policy of the United States is more and more definitely and energetically orientating toward the dissolution of the colonial system of empire.” This is no ephemeral policy or Roosevelt-New Deal phenomenon, according to Browder, for “it has had the active support of circles which were generally anti-Roosevelt.” This indicates that “it is a fundamental and long-term trend with deep economic roots.”

Browder admits that this alleged anti-colonialism “is not anti-imperialistic in any fundamental definition of that term.” And it also turns out that the “new pattern” isn’t new at all. Browder notes that it was already described by Lenin thirty years ago in his classic work, *Imperialism*, in which he pointed out that finance capital “is capable of subordinating to itself, and actually does subordinate to itself, even states enjoying complete independence,” citing as examples the relationship of Argentina and Portugal to Britain. Browder also concedes that the so-called anti-colonialism of American imperialism actually represents an effort to convert British colonies into American commercial colonies through the device of formal independence.

What conclusions does Browder draw from these facts? That Wall Street domination is no less reactionary than British rule? That all progressive Americans must aid colonial and semi-colonial peoples to achieve genuine independence from all imperialism, including our own?

By no means. Browder quotes the letter of Lenin’s discussion only in order to misquote its spirit. Whereas Lenin characterized all capitalist imperialism as reactionary, Browder describes American imperialism’s role as “objectively a progressive one.” What Lenin branded as one of the forms of great power oppression, Browder eulogizes as colonial liberation.

And to cover up this betrayal of elementary democracy, let alone socialism, Browder quotes out of context a statement from another pamphlet by Lenin that “capitalism is progressive compared with feudalism” and “we will *not* support the struggle of the reactionary classes against imperialism; we will *not* support an uprising of the reactionary classes against imperialism and capitalism.” What Browder conceals is that while Lenin rejected an uprising of the reactionary feudal classes against imperialism, the central purpose of his pamphlet was to show that it was the duty of the *progressive* class, the working class, and of all who call themselves Marxists, to support the struggle of the oppressed peoples against imperialism of every form. It is this struggle which Browder has abandoned in favor of supporting “his own” imperialism and its methods of domination and plunder.

Browder is, moreover, committing a double fraud. What he presents in absolute terms as a predominant and fundamental policy of American imperialism is actually a relative phenomenon, developing through many contradictions, so that today it is, more often than not, subordinated to other more basic factors. The bankruptcy of Browder’s thesis becomes clear when he tries to explain how it happened that at the San Francisco conference, when the trusteeship proposal was discussed, the “liberator,” American imperialism, sided with the colonial oppressor, Britain, against the goal of genuine colonial liberation advocated by the Soviet Union. “Roosevelt died on the eve of the first UNO Conference in San Francisco,” he writes, “and in the resulting confusion of changing administration in Washington, the British succeeded in impressing upon American policy in that conference their opposition to the trusteeship proposal.” Thus the death of one man, Roosevelt, is supposed to have dissolved into thin air a policy which Browder only a few pages earlier assured us was not a specifically Roosevelt product but was, in fact, “a fundamental and long-term trend with deep economic roots.” I have not been able to lay hands on recent issues of *Distributors Guide* to learn

what “acts of God” provided Browder with his latest “explanation” of why the American delegation at the opening UNO session in London failed to support the Soviet fight to implement the trusteeship provision in the charter and instead again lined up with Britain against the subject peoples.

OF COURSE, when Browder was writing his eulogy of American imperialism in the January 19 issue our government’s “anti-colonialism” had already manifested itself in highly emphatic ways: the United States sent tanks, planes and guns (please, remove the labels) to shoot down the Indonesian people; American troops were used to help the semi-feudal Chungking regime in its war against the Chinese Communists and other democratic forces (American policy, Browder writes in the January 26 issue of his sheet, “works for unity and democratization of China”); American armed forces have persecuted the anti-Japanese guerilla movement in the Philippines; American troops have helped the British terrorize nominally independent Egypt; the American government has given its tacit consent to the British bullet-and-hunger rule of India. Simultaneously, “progressive” American imperialism has waged political and economic warfare against the Soviet Union despite Browder’s assurances that our government’s “anti-colonialism” is a strong basis for collaboration with the USSR.

The truth is that despite the fact our imperialist ruling class would dearly love to “free” for its own economic spoliation the colonies of Britain and other powers, it is driven by its fear of democracy and the anti-imperialist implications of the colonial liberation struggle to lay its heavy paw on every part of the globe where the people are striving to break the chains of bondage or where, as in eastern Europe, a new democracy is rising out of the ashes of fascist-feudal despotism.

The conflicts of interest among the great capitalist powers need to be utilized in order to advance the anti-imperialist battle in both oppressing and oppressed nations. But what Browder proposes is something else: support of and reliance on the “good” imperialism, the United States, as against the “wicked” imperialism, Britain. *This means support of and reliance on that imperialism which, because of the enhanced strength and arrogance of its giant trusts, has emerged from the war as the principal threat to freedom and peace.*

Browder, in fact, sees in the spurious

The Auto Workers' Convention

WHAT was until recently the world's largest trade union, the United Automobile Workers-CIO, held its tenth convention last week and decided its course for the next eighteen months. Part of its decision was the choice of officers to lead it, but despite newspaper headlines, this was by no means the whole of the convention's purpose. Yet it would be absurd to ignore the fact that behind the bitterly fought contest for president there lay basic issues of policy that gave the election exceptional importance.

Walter Reuther has achieved his ambition to be top man of the UAW. But his reign seems likely to be a severely limited one rather than the czardom he had dreamed of. R. J. Thomas, former president whom he defeated by a narrow margin, captured the first vice presidency in a surprise move. Reuther's old adversary, Secretary-Treasurer George F. Addes, was reelected by acclamation, while Richard T. Leonard, candidate of the Addes-Thomas group, was chosen second vice president. The anti-Reuther forces also won a majority on the executive board. Thus Reuther will, as in the past, be surrounded by opponents of his policies, though he now occupies a position that will enable him to do greater damage should he continue his disruptive activities.

What has divided Reuther from men like Addes and Thomas has been his self-intoxicated, factional opposition to progressive CIO policies. This opposition has usually been oblique and has often assumed the demagogic guise of "leftism" while behind the scenes Reuther has carried on flirtations with reactionary AFL men like John L. Lewis and David Dubinsky. His leadership of the recent General Motors strike was a typical performance. Instead of coordinating the GM struggle with the over-all CIO strike strategy, Reuther "jumped the gun," calling the workers out six weeks before the strikes of the CIO steel, electrical, and packing workers. As a result, the auto strike dragged on for some fourteen weeks—much longer than any of the others—its effectiveness was impaired and the suffering of some 300,000 workers was needlessly prolonged.

Reuther's election was an unpredictable development. However, the choice of the other officials and the convention's action on other matters indicate there has been no weakening of the UAW membership's adherence to the policies of militant, progressive unionism. The ovation given to the speech of CIO President Philip Murray was another straw that showed which way the wind was blowing. Trimming his sails, Reuther after his election pledged to support the CIO program and to do all in his power to unify the union. It will be up to the members to hold him to strict account.

Trade union policy affects the lives of all of us. And it can no longer be limited to economic issues. When R. J. Thomas, in his speech opening the convention, lashed out at President Truman, when he urged more political action by the UAW and declared that if the two major parties failed to nominate progressive candidates, "we are going to have to find independent candidates to support," he was measuring up to the standards of leadership required of labor leaders in times like these. These are standards which Reuther has spurned in the past, but perhaps the members will find ways of impressing their will on him.

anti-colonialism of imperialist America the chief guarantee of peace. Peace, he writes, "depends upon the firmness with which the US holds to its policy of liberation and independence for the sub-

ject peoples, and upon the question whether the Soviet Union can find the grounds for continuous collaboration with such a policy. . . ." (Note that he obscures the consistent, non-imperialist

peace role of the USSR and instead makes peace conditional on Soviet acceptance of American imperialist policy.) Browder assails "cynics of both right and left" (he frequently lumps together Communists and reactionaries in this typical Red-baiting style), falsely attributing to the Communists the belief that "all hope of realizing a prolonged peace is 'an illusion.'" Of course, not only Communists, but most non-Communist trade unionists and liberals would agree that prolonged peace is indeed an illusion if it is to depend on the "anti-colonialism" of Browder's favorite imperialists. Fortunately, there are genuine factors whose potential strength renders the fight for peace by no means illusory: the Soviet Union, the new people's democracies of Europe, the surge toward freedom of the colonial and semi-colonial millions, the trade unions and their world federation, the increased strength of the Communist Parties of various countries—yes, that very action by the people which Browder dismisses so contemptuously as "a picketline at the State Department and some street demonstrations, etc." (*Distributors Guide*, January 26.)

Since Browder stands the facts of life on their head, he finds no difficulty in discerning in President Truman a man who "has won, by his own strength of leadership in moments of crisis, the full right to wear the Roosevelt mantle." (*Distributors Guide*, February 2.) Of course, not even Truman's courtiers and sycophants have gone so far, but even at the risk of making a fool of himself, Browder must demonstrate his complete subservience to the Washington shyster gang that is doing Wall Street's errands. In his letter to the National Committee of the Communist Party, dated February 8, Browder described the Truman administration as "improving its implementation of Roosevelt's foreign policy" at the very moment when it was "improving" its abandonment of the Roosevelt policy of collaboration with the USSR and unity of the Big Three. Browder is no less enthusiastic about the Truman domestic policy, though many CIO leaders, including Philip Murray, and such close associates of FDR as former Secretaries Morgenthau and Ickes, have found it too much to swallow. The fact is that if Charlie McCarthy became President of the United States, Browder would salaam before him in the same way: his veneration is for whoever happens to wear the mantle, not of Roosevelt, but of American imperialism.

This is not the place for a critical

evaluation of Roosevelt. It certainly does him no justice to measure him beside his pigmy successor. Roosevelt was undoubtedly one of the great figures of the contemporary capitalist world. To say this is to indicate not only his stature, but also his limitations. As Foster wrote in his letter to the Communist National Committee of Jan. 20, 1944: "A post-war Roosevelt administration would continue to be, as it is now, an imperialist government, but one with a certain amount of liberal checks upon it." Contrast this with Browder's statement a year later: "America's most secure guarantee that we will not repeat the errors of the past generation lies in the wise and understanding leadership of President Roosevelt." For Browder the role of the labor movement with its 14,000,000 members and the work of the Communist Party were mere ripples on the tides of history that were moved by the solar personality of Roosevelt. This was said at a Lenin memorial meeting in a speech which made only the most cursory reference to Lenin and devoted itself to an unrestrained panegyric to FDR.

Browder's idealization of the late president caricatures him and divests him of all credibility. For instance, in an article on de Gaulle's resignation he writes: "It was an example of Franklin Roosevelt's political genius that he foresaw the present role of de Gaulle." (*Distributors Guide*, February 2.) And then he performs some typical Browderite sleight-of-hand. He takes one of the most sordid chapters in the Roosevelt foreign policy—the appeasement of Vichy and Vichy's heirs—and transforms it into its opposite. According to Browder, the State Department's long refusal to recognize the provisional de Gaulle government in Africa, around which the resistance movement had united, was because "what Roosevelt was demanding of de Gaulle was the recognition of the democratic forces of France and their more adequate inclusion in de Gaulle's government, and in this respect specifically the inclusion of the French Communists." The shabby liaison with Darlan and Giraud was thus really an embracing of the French Left—done with mirrors!

I have quoted enough to show that Browder has not only learned nothing from the events of the past two years, but has developed his false Teheran diagnosis into a system of political quackery that is a menace to social health. His particular brand of snake-oil is compounded of elements of bourgeois liberal

(Continued on page 31)

READERS' FORUM

Counterattack

TO NEW MASSES: I was very happy to see NM publish Lawrence Gellert's "Jim Crow in Khaki" in the March 19 issue. It was an honest and accurate account of the problems which we Negro soldiers faced in the Army. From my own experience of over three years in service I could give dozens of similar examples for each one sketched by Mr. Gellert. These are stories which need be told—and they must be told.

And now in Readers' Forum (NM, April 2) Stanley Archer sounds off with sneering criticism of Gellert's story, criticism which is completely baseless. He doesn't like the locale of the sketches—not one was set in the North. We didn't like the "one-sidedness" of the Army which put the overwhelming majority of camps in the South. But, alas! neither we nor Mr. Gellert could do anything about that.

Mr. Archer attacks the article as being "weak in terms of Marxist theory, owing to its failure to mention incidents offering hope, events registering progress in consequence of struggle." Now this, applied to the article in question, is sectarian sniping and has no resemblance to honest criticism. In one sketch Mr. Gellert showed a Negro soldier protesting against racial insults. Another showed the Negro soldiers' reaction to the white supremacists' boast that they can always tell a Negro regardless of his color. Best of all, one sketch showed how a group of Negro soldiers foiled the attempt of their white commanding officer to make a minstrel show of their sending "voice letters" home.

These were typical of the methods which we used, which we *could* use, to defend our dignity as men subjected to Jim Crow while at the same time supporting the war against fascism.

Let's have more such articles as Gellert's and less of such non-Marxist nonsense presented as Marxist criticism.

New York.

L. L. B.

That Lady Again

TO NEW MASSES: My reference to Rebecca West as "incredibly naive" [NM, February 19] was deliberate. While this writing lady's flirtations with reactionary elements in the Balkans is well known, and reveals her as a sinister figure, her account of Trotskyists in Nazi camps is on a different plane. She was unwitting and downright naive to let the cat out of the bag by exposing the "Communists" who were sadistic tools of the S. S. as Trotskyists; a less naive and more integrated reactionary would have called them Reds and

let it go at that. Rebecca West, if she intends to serve the fascists faithfully, should abandon what is left of her liberal scruples and all of her naivete.

New York.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Still Snafu

TO NEW MASSES: "My God, is this what I travelled hundreds of miles for?" I looked around the fairgrounds in Richmond, Virginia, the other day. The government had advertised in numerous newspapers the special sale to veterans of motor vehicles. The sale I had travelled so many miles to participate in was advertised as having 410 units of motor vehicles. Instead of trucks and command and reconnaissance cars as advertised, I looked at seventeen miserable, dilapidated one-half-ton recons, most of them with parts of motors missing, and none of them able to run of its own power.

Hundreds of veterans stood around, looking in anger and despair at the junk they had travelled so many miles to buy. My brother and myself, both of us veterans, had come down full of hopes of buying trucks that would fit into businesses we were contemplating starting. Our government widely publicizes the fact that all surplus commodities will be sold on priority to vets. If what I saw the other day is an example, and I've every reason to believe it's so, the government is only building another reason for the vets to demand a reckoning in the near future. We spoke with many of the fellows and they were wild with rage. All were determined to go back to their respective cities and raise hell in their vet organizations and with the government authorities who run the Greater War Plants Corporation.

One fellow said it was the Truman administration's fault; if Roosevelt had lived we would not get such a kicking around. The general consensus was that the administration does not really give a damn for the vets, and that we are in for plenty of trouble trying to get a decent break in the future. Sympathy was with strikers, because most fellows knew it was impossible to get by on what the average workingman is getting today.

We hitchhiked back home. A soldier in uniform picked us up. He was a First Sergeant with ten and one-half years' service. He told us he hated the Army. We asked him where he was going. He looked at us a moment and then, "Fellows, I got discharged two months ago. I've got a wife and a kid. I went to work at forty dollars a week, and damn it, we can't live on that kind of money. I figured it over and reenlisted. With my rank

and length of service, I can get \$204 a month. Where could I get that kind of money in civilian life?" We know a lot of guys who are going to end up back in the Army, contrary to what they would like to do.

My brother and I got back very much disgusted, but at least we can see with our own eyes and hear with our own ears that the veterans are learning the facts of life very fast. They may not have a clear understanding of what they fought for, but one thing—they sure as hell know what they want in the USA and if they don't get it, I've a hunch everything that has happened up till now will look like pink-tea affairs.

Philadelphia.

SAM KOVNAT.

Jews in Europe

TO NEW MASSES: May I thank you for Mr. William Zukerman's article, "Outlook For Europe's Jews"? [NM, February 19]. I have found it an exceptionally clear-cut and all-embracing review of the Jewish position in Europe such as we seldom read in our press of late.

There is a great amount of confusion on the problem of the Jews in Europe, and much of it, I fear, is deliberately created by Jewish nationalists and Zionists in pursuit of their special nationalistic aims. There is no denying that their object is to create a general impression that the position of all the remaining Jews in Europe (more than four million) is the same as that of the hundred thousand or more displaced Jews in the camps, in order to present a stronger case for Zionism. With this in view they inflate and deliberately confuse the situation so as to make it appear that there is no hope for all the Jews in Europe except through mass evacuation to Palestine.

This is not true, as Mr. Zukerman has clearly shown. He is to be thanked for making a sharp distinction between the "displaced" and the European Jews. But I wish he had been as clear and explicit about the role of the extremist Jewish nationalists as he was about the situation in Europe. He failed to point out the danger into which these people are now driving all the Jews of Europe and of the rest of the world too, by their exaggerated propaganda about the need for mass emigration to Palestine. For it is obvious that once Jews maintain that wherever there is an increase of anti-Semitism, the only solution is to escape to Palestine, the position of the Jews is undermined not only in Europe but in the United States and everywhere else. There is no lack of anti-Semites in every country in the world and if they find that by increasing their activity and by staging a few pogroms the Jews will start a mass evacuation from their homes (at their own expense too), it will be an invitation to them to imitate Hitler, and soon we shall have a movement in this and in other countries for Jews to evacuate their homes and go to Palestine.

A good many Jewish nationalists in this country are now in a state of hysteria about Palestine and they are succeeding in infecting non-nationalist Jews with their excitement, exaggerated fears, defeatism and funk. It is the duty of clear-sighted Jews to counteract

this hysteria before it leads to the greatest moral collapse of a frightened people. Mr. Zukerman has contributed something to this cause with his article. But I cannot help feeling that he has not done enough because he failed to accentuate the role of the Jewish nationalist extremists in deliberately whipping up passions and fears. This is why I shall be grateful to you, if you will publish my few words to supplement Mr. Zukerman's article.

A. S.

Wanted: Reprints

TO NEW MASSES: I have found increasing satisfaction in your publication since your revision of policies and would like to make the following suggestions: (1) that all the poetry published in the NM during the course of a year be printed in book or pamphlet form; (2) that all the reproductions of paintings, sketches, etc., published in the NM during the course of a year be printed in pamphlet or book form.

These two might be combined in one, but in either case I believe that there would be enough demand for these to warrant their printing—at least I'd buy one.

W. O. NOVILLE.

San Francisco.

The Other Side

TO NEW MASSES: Out here on Saipan each issue of NM has meant a great deal to me. Each issue was almost like a furlough. Other magazines are American imperialism's loyal opposition; the NM is the opposition. Other magazines show different approaches to the same point of view; the NM is the alternate point of view. American liberalism, which prides itself on seeing both sides of the question, will learn ultimately that here, and here alone, is the other side to the question.

APO San Francisco.

SGT. E. F.



Leon Miller.

Moving Forward

(Continued from page 10)

fects of the literary Left. But a deeper study of the article reveals that these suggestions, some of which might be valuable in another context, are here bound up with a line of thinking that would lead us to shatter the very foundation of the literary left, Marxism. This is the main issue. On this issue we must have utmost clarity.

"While Maltz seems to believe that he is merely criticizing a 'vulgarized approach' to literature, he is in reality undermining a class approach. While appearing to challenge an over-simplified identity between art and politics, he severs their organic relationship in our epoch. In repudiating the 'accepted understanding' of art as a weapon, Maltz whittles down the concept itself to a point approaching non-existence. In centering his fire on the 'literary atmosphere of the Left,' he ignores the basic problem of an honest writer in capitalist society, the 'literary atmosphere of the Right.'

"The article cannot be viewed simply as a challenge to mechanical application of fundamental truths. The truths themselves are crushed under the structure of Maltz's reasoning. . . . What is the main problem of the literary Left today? It is to reestablish its Marxist base. In the past few years that base has been sapped by revisionism."

I BELIEVE that Sillen's summation is correct. The process he describes here is a revisionist process; it is the result of a failure to break deeply with old habits of thought. This failure was, I believe, at the core of the main tendencies in my article and it was the key to its uncritical acceptance by more than a few in the cultural field, both before and after publication. The intense, ardent and sharp discussion around my article, therefore, seems to me to have been a healthy and necessary one—and to have laid the foundation whereby a new clarity can be achieved, a new consciousness forged, and a struggle undertaken to return, deeply, to sound Marxist principles.

For it is essential that everyone who appreciates that a healthy culture must be based on the needs of the people and the needs of the working class, appreciate also that Browderism could not lead to such a culture. A literature that would be *uncritical* of monopoly capital and its effect upon human lives, indeed a literature based on the concept that monopoly capital can serve the Ameri-

can people progressively—such a literature would be wholly out of step with life, it *could not* represent the facts of life. Creative writers who approached life with this philosophy would have to avoid realistic, honest writing. However much they might feel ardent sympathy for the people, they would be forced into the position of ignoring reality—and hence their actual work would finally become indistinguishable from the empty literature to be found in the popular magazines.

This, with all of its implications, is the reason why a serious and sharp discussion was required of the ideas developed in my article.

I SHOULD like now to take up a question that has disturbed many of those who have written letters to me: the question of the tone of the criticism offered my article.

In a debate over ideas and theory, the tone taken by the participants is not an unimportant matter. This is so for purely human reasons, for reasons of psychology that everyone must take into account. Criticism conducted in an unreasonable tone—however correct—is self-defeating, since those who follow the controversy sometimes become too angry to think. I make a point of this solely because not a few letters to me have indicated that some readers of the *NEW MASSES*, for instance, utterly failed to assess many of the points Howard Fast had to make about my article because they were incensed by his manner of presentation, and by what I myself believe was a considerable looseness on his part in dealing with my remarks. In such a situation, rightly or wrongly, there are some who cannot see the wood for the trees.

On the other hand, I definitely feel that those who wrote to me in this vein forgot to put first things first. In no sense was the *major* question whether or not Howard Fast or anyone else was minutely accurate or “fair” in all he said. The major question revolved about the fundamental issues themselves, and it was necessary to ask first upon what major platform Howard Fast based his case, and what major ideas I was offering. To write me and “forgive” me my errors of “formulation,” while applauding other things I had to say—but to deplore errors that my critics may have made, while ignoring the core of their comments—this serves no one. We are dealing with serious matters, and it is a moral obligation upon all interested people to evaluate the total debate and the main issues, and

not a minor portion of the discussion alone.

Perhaps I can best present how I myself feel on this question of tone by a rather mundane illustration: Consider that there are two swimmers in a pool, Bill and Jim. Jim is trying to improve Bill's stroke. But in the course of his earnest instruction, Jim pushes Bill's head under water. It thereupon becomes the duty of spectators around the pool to set up a sharp cry of protest. For the issue is no longer: will Jim improve Bill's stroke—but, will Bill drown?



Deckinger.

And unless, by their outcry, Jim can be made aware that he is indeed pushing Bill's head under water, then the spectators are helping Bill drown. And furthermore, until Bill's head is above water, and he has had a chance to breathe normally again, it is futile to discuss improving his stroke.

Now it is an important, but nevertheless minor, aspect of the situation to point out that if some of the indignant spectators shout so vehemently that they become incoherent, then they are not helping the drowning swimmer in the most effective manner because they cannot be thoroughly understood. That this is so, however, does not alter the main question: the major requirement is that they not keep silent; the major question is what they are indignant about in the first place.

And this question was altogether missed by many people who protested the “tone” of the discussion.

IN THE course of these remarks, I have not attempted to trace out all that I said in my first article, or all that was said of it in subsequent criticism. Much has been written—it is there to be read—and, I have not wanted here to go in for a point by point discussion that might blur the main issues. What

should be clear is that my article made fundamental errors, and that these had to be dealt with before anything else I had to say could be evaluated. I have been attempting here to return to common ground. If I have been successful, then discussion of the strength, weaknesses and path of the literary Left can move ahead.

FOR now, certainly, the times call for moving ahead. We have in America today the opportunity for a flowering of a profound art, one that will deeply enrich the great tradition we inherit. If this flowering comes to pass, it will be based upon a passionate, honest rendition of the real, mutual relations in society; it will be a true art based upon the real lives, the disappointments, struggles, aspirations, of the American people. Such an art, being realistic, will be socially critical; this follows as night follows day. But, by being tied to life as the source of true artistic inspiration, it will not substitute slogans for rich events, or substitute mechanical selectivity for a description of real mutual relations in society. Marxism will be the interpretative guide; the raw material will be the facts of life, faced absolutely, with burning honesty.

The struggle to win American writers to the production of such a literature is the struggle to help them overcome personal confusions, to present to them, in the last analysis, a simple proposition: that whatever their talent, whatever their past achievements because of their fundamental health and honesty in approaching life, they cannot adequately, in *long-time* work, deepen, grow, mature, unless they understand the world in which their characters move. This understanding must be the objective foundation for work, but it has a subjective side as well, of great importance to individual creators. Life is hard, and events themselves in this troubled world can be vastly confusing. The convulsions of an outworn social system plunge humanity into brutal conflict, turn people, even nations, brutish. If the writer is to retain inner firmness, if he is not to sink into cynicism and despair, if he is to maintain his love for people, without which true art cannot flourish, then he must understand that events have a meaning, that history has a direction, that the characters he portrays are part of a social web based upon the life and death struggle of classes. For this understanding, for inner firmness, for the spiritual ability to retain faith in people and faith in the future, he must, in this epoch, turn to Marxism.



LIGHT IN THE WOOD

An Account of the French Catholic Poet Loys Masson, by Milton Blau

I DON'T know with what hopes and dreams Loys Masson left the island of Mauritius for France. Certainly it was to write but Masson could never have guessed what he would be writing not long after he arrived. He could not guess that soon France would be at war with Germany and, soon too, that France would be pitched like so much hay to the Nazis. It was not among his dreams that he should fight with the French Underground. His hopes were not for years of hunger and of being hunted. In 1939, when he left the Indian Ocean, France was Masson's horizon of promise.

When I met Masson in Paris toward the close of 1944 he was on the staff of *Lettres Francaises*, the Resistance literary, art and political weekly which had moved from the underground to the position of a leading French cultural journal. He was also secretary of the Committee of French Resistance Writers. There were to his credit three volumes of poetry, two novels (one written during the Resistance period and one immediately after it), a long work on the Catholic Church, and innumerable articles. Masson's hair had thinned, his blue eyes had sunk somewhat into his drawn face, and he looked, at twenty-nine, considerably older than his years.

Masson and his wife, Paula, lived in a one-room apartment on Rue Charles Nodier, which flanks the hill that bears the Church of Sacre-Coeur into the Paris skies. Here Masson and I talked about his book on the Church. Writing the work had been a painful task for him, because he was a devout Catholic. He was ready, Masson told me, to receive any disciplinary action the hierarchy might bring against him but he would not retract a word of what he had written.

Masson, in his work, had reminded the Church of its professed values and had traced the distortions and departures from them. He cited instance upon instance where his church had sided with reaction against progress. Communists, he argued, who work for the basic tenets of religion in a practical fashion, were

invariably opposed by the Church. Masson demanded of the Church that if it could not forthrightly come to the side of people in their struggles for a better life then, as a minimum, it must refrain from politics altogether and minister to the souls of men.

For his own part Masson came to the side of the people. In his poetry he paid homage to the Communists of France, expressed his desire for socialism and at the same time projected into his work his deep religious convictions.

When Gabriel Peri, the Communist deputy, was shot by the Germans, this poem by Masson appeared in the underground press:

THE TOMB OF GABRIEL PERI

*We will be your children who each
spring return
With burdens of spring-anointed honey
for your arms.
On the road our women will wind in
the dust veils of widows,
Our children will speak to you peacefully
through your stone reliquary
Like a great interred saint who watches
them.
In the distance will be heard the breathing
of birds in the trees.*

*No marble flower, no crown, no incense
But the wounds of Christ in the low
mists, His Blood
Flowing drop by drop into your blood.*

As a Catholic, Masson could pay no greater tribute to the fallen Peri. The poet was speaking not only for himself but for masses of French Catholics who respected and loved the Communist leader. (After the Liberation the people of St. Ouen, a suburb of Paris, changed the name of their principal street to "Gabriel Peri.")

When news in France was blacked out, Masson's verse contributed much to pointing to the basic drives of history. In "The Red" he relays in poetry the message of a Communist resister:

*Comrades, you are stronger than your
executioners,
Much stronger; if they knock so loudly
it is to drown in you the echo
Of the Red Army forging liberty.
But the blows, tortures, burning boots
on windpipes,
Needles driven under nails, the impale-
ments, the vices,
Are not weapons against loyalty:
You say Nation and the vanquished are
the executioners,*

Victory Comes to the Unbombed Cities

Flower, factory, face—all high, unhurt.
What fierce armada flew? what mutilation
reached down invisibly, ripped us apart,
that bells now bathe our wound in celebration?

Was dancing bold here, a forbidden sport
yesterday? Were song and laughter rationed?
Did windows wait—bitterly shaded, shut,
that all at once they shriek in celebration?

What bloodstain seeps in secret through our shirt:
What cripples crowd the Square with exultation?
What ruined city roars up from our heart
to catch confetti hurled in celebration?

AARON KRAMER.

*You bleed and each drop of your blood
is a thread of a flag
Which tomorrow will free our cities.*

While the Germans sprawled in the cafes of Paris and sacked the impoverished land, revolution was not merely the whipping-boy of reaction and treason; it was a great and spectral fear. It was also the deepest hope of Frenchmen wearied by German oppression and collaborationist treason. So Loys Masson wrote his powerful and beautiful poem "Ode to Revolution," of which the following is a fragment:

*Come into my house, I have been waiting
for you. Here is my hearth and
my wife
And my old mother who kneeling
weeps and breathes on the flame
So the small hope might live for which
my dead father warmed
The out-of-doors under the North
Wind of Winter. Here are the legacies
of your heroes:
Here is the piece of bread for which
famine has executed men of your
French country,
Here in your Asia is the whip which
flogs liberty, here are the thorns
of Christ. . . .*

Barbed and stirring, the poetry of Loys Masson recreated characters and ideas whose political connotations had long been avoided. His courage opened vistas for other poets who had not formerly considered such subjects "poetic material." This Catholic poet sang of the beauty of Communist ideology.

WE PASSED many hours together talking about "incredible" America. To Masson, who spent his youth under the meager economy of the island of Mauritius and his early manhood in plundered France, the United States seemed a truly illogical place. To amuse him and his wife Paula I would laboriously describe a banana split with its ice cream, whipped cream, syrups, nuts and fruit. They would shake their heads incredulously. And it was fantastic to me as well, because I knew that during the past week in Paris the chief commodity for public sale had been carrots. Carrots, fried, boiled or breaded, had been the main course of millions of meals in the homes of Parisians.

Masson's life from the beginning has been sandwiched between two poverties: that of the *Isle Maurice* and that of war-broken France. Although Masson was the son of a lawyer of the island, his family was hard pressed by actual poverty and a hovering insecurity.

Whether you were a Negro worker or farmer or a white overseer made little difference; they were all poor. Masson, working in the island's bank, saw how the wealth of Mauritius flowed steadily to the London and Paris banks of the absentee landlords. During the underground years he grew to understand the nature of the forces at work in his homeland. When he wrote his novel *L'Etoile et Clef*, he knew that he had closed the gates of the island on himself. By championing the radical Progressive Party he had won the permanent hostility of the island's governors.

Some people might ask how a devout Catholic can ally himself with Communists in the name of progress. In his poem "*A Louis Aragon*," Loys Masson answers:

*. . . Now we are traveling toward a star
which is of this world
For one time. I believe in Christ: your
faith is different.
But that has meaning only for us: What
is important is that the shadow
Eaten at last by the heavens allows the
woods to be illuminated.*

Psychiatry Grows Up

MODERN ATTITUDES IN PSYCHIATRY, The March of Medicine, 1945. No. 10. *New York Academy of Medicine Lectures to the Laity*. Columbia University Press. \$2.

THESE lectures should especially interest NEW MASSES readers who followed the recent debate between Drs. Wortis and Furst. The book's authoritative account of the history and present status of American psychiatry provides a background which makes more intelligible the issues of that discussion.

The first lecture, by Iago Galdston, M.D., "Psychiatry in the History of Medicine," is an illuminating defense of the thesis that "psychiatry was always an important component of medical theory and medical practice wherever and whenever good medicine prevailed." To support this statement, Dr. Galdston traces the progress of psychiatric thought from Hippocrates to Charcot, who was a teacher of the founder of modern psychiatry, Sigmund Freud. James H. Wall, M.D., picks up the tale, filling in details of psychiatry's development in the United States. He considers "the most important medical and psychiatric achievement of our time . . . the psychiatric approach to the sick or troubled person, regardless of whether the illness is largely physical in nature or emotional and psychogenic in origin."

The separation between medicine and

the care of the mentally ill which prevailed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and which reflected the mechanical, undialectical, materialist approach of medical science, is being overcome, though not in the way most doctors had anticipated. It had been expected that the neuroses and psychoses would prove to be exclusively of "organic" origin—that specific physical changes, perhaps in cell structure, would be found to account for them. This has not been the case. On the contrary, the psychoanalytic approach based on the study of the total individual as a behavior unit and a psychology of *motivation* is more and more affecting the treatment of so-called "organic" diseases and "surgical" cases. Medicine is groping its way towards a dialectical approach to the mind-body relation.

This is illustrated in the third lecture, "The Patient as a Person: The Social Aspects of Illness," by G. Canby Robinson, M.D. "The recurring question was whether the patient as a person was not being lost sight of in our careful study of his organs, and whether we were not neglecting the illness of the patient in our concentration on the study of his disease." Dr. Robinson made a study of illness which showed "that the illness of a patient with organic disease could be caused by emotional tension. It confirmed the conviction that adjustment and education of the patient to relieve emotional disturbances may be an important factor in the treatment of illness regardless of the presence of organic disease." Most significantly, social adversity was found to be a factor in the illness of a majority of the cases studied.

Franz Alexander, M.D., tells how the motivational point of view of Freudian psychoanalysis was integrated into medical practice and led to the development of psychosomatic medicine. This is the most difficult of the lectures for the average reader but also the most precise in its formulations and the most suggestive of future developments.

A vivid account of the work of Army psychiatrists is given by Col. William C. Menninger. Of particular interest is the growing recognition that the incidence of neuropsychiatric disorders among soldiers is greatly reduced by high quality of leadership and the individual's conviction of the need of his service. The lecture closes with a discussion of the soldiers' reorientation to civilian life and the many psychiatric and social difficulties involved. Dr. Menninger warns us that unless we make adequate provision for guidance, counsel, education and employment, we shall



Pen sketch by David Burliuk.

"fail these men who have contributed so much and in the same degree fail our community."

The closing lecture, "Psychotherapy in Everyday Practice," is by Edward Weiss, M.D., who speaks as a practitioner of medicine and not as a psychiatrist. He finds that the fundamental error of modern medical science has been the divorce of medicine and surgery from psychiatry. "Illness is an aspect of behavior" and can only be understood in terms of the patient's personality structure. Dr. Weiss demands that all physicians be trained in psychological medicine, and gives numerous illustrations to support his demand.

Scientific medicine is making great strides in its ability to care for the health of the general population and the ills which arise when human beings live under a social system which produces neurotic conflicts and disorders. It becomes clear why medical care in our day has come to be a great *political* question, although this aspect of the problem is consistently ignored in these lectures. It is plain that adequate application of these more effective therapeutic techniques to the millions of ill people in this country is possible only through group practice and compulsory health in-

surance. The sad facts are that the advanced and enlightened points of view expressed by these lectures are shared by a minutely small fraction of practicing physicians. Under the present fee for service practice there is no way of raising the general level of medical practice, nor can even a small percentage of those in need of treatment afford to receive it.

EDMUND WEIL.

Tricks for "Radicals"

REVEILLE FOR RADICALS, by Saul D. Alinsky. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

"**R**EVEILLE FOR RADICALS," by Saul D. Alinsky, is a curious amalgam of angry agitation, the detached mannerisms of a sociological treatise, and a detailed handbook for professional organizers.

The author draws on part—but not all—of the freshness and vigor of America's radical tradition. He reflects the problems and organizational patterns of some—but by no means all—of America's radical tradition. He reflects the problems and organizational patterns of some—but by no means all—of America's communities. And hitched onto both of these types of material is a theory

of how to manipulate people toward good ends.

With the stated goal of such a book, which is to arouse and equip people for progressive action, there can be no quarrel. But the contrast between the book's passionate defense of radicalism and the implied program of radicals is sometimes very great. Alinsky believes the destiny of radicals is tied to the labor movement. So far so good, but he goes on to prove that non-trade unionists should not be alarmed about unions because they are really as much for capitalism as are businessmen. After "proving" this point by quotes from William Green and such, he states the corollary that without capitalism there cannot be unions. Without mentioning the unions of the USSR he has deftly disposed of them, and incidentally of socialism too, which might be considered worthy of a serious treatment in a book on radicalism. What we get instead is a bouquet to the ILGWU for its cultural activities, and a gem of wisdom from its leader, Dubinsky: "Trade unionism needs capitalism like a fish needs water. Democracy is possible only in a society of free enterprise, and trade unions can live only in a democracy."

Not only does Alinsky ignore the

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radicalism which led to Russia's present eminence, but he gives the silent treatment to American radicals who espouse socialism—that is to Communists. He does spare a few words in one place to imply that Communists are anti-religious, and elsewhere he shows how a minister and a Communist leader, hitherto hostile to each other, were tricked into co-operating toward a good end.

Tricked. Yes, that word has to be emphasized because there is a great display of worldly wisdom about manipulating people. In story after story a smart organizer tricks people—even reactionary employers—into working for good causes. Of course, tricking people is possible, and ingenuity and realism are necessary to organizers, but somehow Alinsky's formula that each man has a little larceny in his soul, and organizers have to know how to exploit it, seems dangerously corrupt. Revealing to the people where their real self-interest lies is not exactly what Alinsky urges. Rather, he glibly mixes the oil of elusive idealism with the water of capitalist-bred cynicism.

Organic functional harmony does not mark the relation between his program and the means proposed to carry it out.

As a matter of fact the book gives rise to the question, "What actually is the program about which Alinsky has done a deal of perfervid writing, and what exactly is the organizational form he advocates to achieve this end?"

Nowhere is his whole program assembled in one passage, clearly set forth and analyzed. Possibly Alinsky is trying to "trick" unwary readers into progressive channels by not revealing to them all they will be supporting if they adhere to his People's Organization. Possibly his program is all in the book, implicitly rather than explicitly. In this case it would mean that in these days of the UNO Alinsky makes no effort to develop policies derived from the realities of the international scene. Local community problems make up almost all his list, although the national problems of race relations and strikes come in for good treatment. Child care, sanitation, and a dozen other worthy causes receive his support, but what kind of pattern they all make it is difficult to say.

It is not so difficult to grasp his organizational pattern, which has many elements of the practical. It is a means of coordinating community organizations, and as such is not new, but lots of good organizational forms aren't. There is a great to-do about democratic procedures, but then you come up with

a bang against the fact that membership in the People's Organization is heavily weighted in favor of the major employers in every community. Their representation is equated to their economic strength much more than to their voting strength as citizens.

Is such an arrangement likely to mobilize America's radicals, or to be a reliable weapon in serving their interests? Employers as a class still act like employers, and the ills Alinsky is trying to correct are all traceable to the existence and practices of that class. Demagoguery is a word that comes to mind in connection with this plan to assemble radicals in a setup dominated by businessmen. Yet we have to face the fact that stockyard workers who were helped by Alinsky's organization in the recent meat strike will have warm praise for its practical assistance.

To such mass support more may quite possibly be added, though not always from quarters which have any real claim to the honorable title of radical. It may even be possible that history will bring greater clarity into the People's Organization, with the participation in it of people who are really clear. These will have read and understood a political manifesto published ninety-eight years before *Reveille for Radicals*, a manifesto which will be remembered ninety-eight years and more after *Reveille for Radicals* has receded into the archives of petty bourgeois reformism.

PHILIP STANDER.

Adult Listening

THE LONG WAY HOME, by Millard Lampell.
 Julian Messner. \$2.50.

IT is not surprising that only a microscopic portion of what is broadcast over the radio is ever published in book form. The reason is obvious: junk that makes listening painful would make reading fatal. But while the soap barons may be lords of all they purvey, there is outside their fief a growing estate of sensitive, skilled writers who insist on using the radio as if it were a bona fide cultural outlet, rather than an instrument for infantile indiscretions.

Millard Lampell's *The Long Way Home* is an adult collection of fourteen scripts, all of which have been broadcast at least twice. They were originally sponsored by the Army Air Forces program, "First in the Air," during 1944-45. This was one program that made listening an instructive pleasure, and now makes equally effective reading.

As a sergeant in the Army, Lampell travelled more than 20,000 miles to

gather information on the soldier returning from overseas. He lived at bomber bases, convalescent hospitals, points of debarkation, and "shot the breeze" with men fresh from combat experiences. The result is a background of unusually thorough knowledge of veterans as individuals, each facing his own problem, as well as an insight into the over-all picture of the factors involved in the adjustment of returnees, both casualties and non-casualties, to civilian status.

"The Boy From Nebraska" is a punch-packed script about Sgt. Ben Kuroki, an American of Japanese ancestry, holder of two Distinguished Flying Crosses. Kuroki returned from combat against the Nazis after completing his tour of missions only to find the enemy at home in the form of race discrimination. Kuroki was offered an assignment at home, but volunteered and actually shipped out again to bomb Tokyo. Lampell's treatment of the theme is a moving indictment of "white supremacy."

"Welcome the Traveller Home" describes the return of two healthy veterans of combat. They find that newspaper publicity has typed them as freaks, men with "killer instinct" born of the "sudden death and violence of the battlefield." But the GIs see through this "bushwah" as so much camouflage to conceal the real problem, "a good job, and five hundred years of peace." The soldiers reject the idea that "all our boys want is to return to the simple things they left behind. A piece of Mom's blueberry pie and a coke at the corner drugstore; a seat in the bleachers and the old jalopy parked in the garage. These are the things we've been fighting for." Here again, Lampell has incisively hit the nail on the head.

"What Do We Do With Cisco Houston" deals with the destructive effects of combat fatigue. There are long months of rehabilitation, and then the reality: or, as Lampell puts it, "take him out of the darkness of fatigue into the bright sunlight of a world of people and a job to do."

Throughout the scripts there is warm sympathy for human dignity, live humor, and an alert understanding that precludes the necessity of inventing phony characters forced to speak as "humorous" illiterates. There is a persistent lyric quality in much of Lampell's work that makes it read as well as it sounds. It is fair to assume that this was in some degree made possible by the author's freedom from a commercial sponsor and standards established in terms of soap flakes, hand lotions, hair oils, laxatives,

tobacco and sundry cure-alls. For plays in this collection, Lampell has already received citations and an award. These distinctions were certainly well merited.

All the author's royalties on *The Long Way Home* will go to the Committee for Air Forces Convalescent Welfare.

MACK ENNIUS.

Liberal Anthropologist

THE DYNAMICS OF CULTURE CHANGE, by Bronislaw Malinowski. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

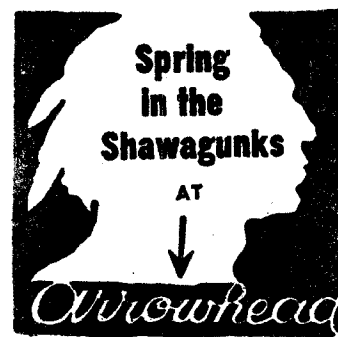
THIS ably edited collection of essays by the late Malinowski presents the essence of his life's work—the anthropological study of Africa. He had little but contempt for those dabblers in anthropology who use it as an escape into the exotic, and rationalize their flight by rejecting purposeful function as destructive of the "pure" character of the science. For Malinowski, "science begins with applications," and he denied any dichotomy between functional and theoretical anthropology.

He went further and accepted a "moral obligation" as a scientist, which for him meant to be "a fair and true interpreter of the Native." He dismissed, somewhat summarily, Herskovits' warnings against ethnocentrism. Still, it must be stated that he came much closer to fulfilling his moral obligation than did, or do, many of his colleagues.

Malinowski stressed the Africans' "love of independence, and their desire for self-expression." He saw that these things were denied them by the imperialists who, by force and deceit, stripped the African of his land and wealth, attempted to limit or crush his political and economic organization and resistance, and transformed him into an outcast and pariah within his own homeland.

He saw and stressed these things because they were the dominant factors determining the phenomenon of culture change in which he was particularly interested. He knew that the difficulties involved in the attempts to give stability to the new culture derived from the meeting of the African and the European (and, to a lesser extent, the Asiatic) were not due to "mulish obstinacy" or "racial deficiencies" of the Africans, but rather to the unjust and exploitive character of the European power.

For an academician teaching in English schools this was a great advance. But Malinowski remained a liberal and a reformist. He fought for moderation, not liberation. He condemned the so-called excesses of imperialism, but not,



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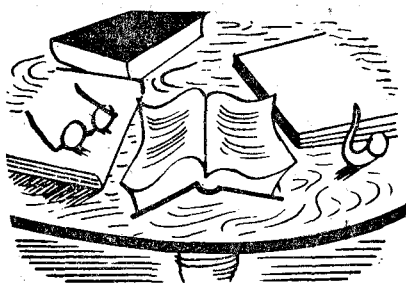
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basically, the system itself. Thus he pleaded for at least a minimum subsistence for the African—assuring and reassuring everyone that he was not indulging in “pro-Native ranting.” He begged the White Master to, “albeit with a heavy heart, give up some of his material advantages.” And he warned that without such reforms and others (like vocational education) catastrophe—i.e., revolution—would follow.

Malinowski consciously attempted to remain, despite his humanitarianism, apolitical; but, as this itself is a political act, he of course failed. He remained a lamenter, and a respectful one at that, for among his last penned lines was a defense of “the British colonial system” as “second to none . . . in its genuine interest in the welfare of the Natives.” Or was this a bit of ill-concealed humor? “Second to none”—the French in Algeria and Syria, the Italians in Libya and Ethiopia, the Americans in Puerto Rico, the Spaniards in Morocco, the Belgians in the Congo, and the Dutch in Java—high praise, indeed!

HERBERT APTHEKER.

How Unions Work

THE TRUTH ABOUT UNIONS, by Leo Huberman. Pamphlet Press. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$1.00.

THERE has long been a need of such a popularly written exposition as this of Leo Huberman's of the basic facts about America's trade unions: how and why they were formed, how collective bargaining takes place, and how and why it is an established legal right; what is the sphere of the local industrial union council, the individual national union, or the national CIO and AFL; where do union members' dues go, and how high are union officials' salaries.

Each of the above and many more details important to an understanding of the average union's functioning is treated by Huberman not as abstraction, but as it appears in the actual process of union organization, bargaining and other activities.

Inasmuch as the body of the book takes up only eighty-three pages in a good, large type, it is a genuine achievement that Huberman avoided giving the impression of straining to hurl every significant fact at the reader, as is often the case in similar feats of compression.

The author's success is no doubt attributable not only to his experience as a progressive writer on economic and labor topics, but to his more recent and intimate contact with trade unionists and their problems as Education and Public

Relations Director of the National Maritime Union-CIO. Too often in the past, books on the trade union movement have been the work either of “students” who confined their study to constitutions, convention proceedings or other documents, and stayed strictly away from the working men and women who breathe life and meaning into them, or of “experts” who gained their knowledge of trade union practice primarily through their own efforts to do a hatchet job on one labor organization or another.

Huberman writes not only from the point of view of the trade unionist, but of the progressive trade unionist, presenting cogently the reasons why and the manner in which the CIO unions—primarily—extend their beneficial influence beyond the limits of their membership to the nation as a whole. One of the best chapters, “Unions Are an Absolute Necessity,” tells effectively how America is beholden to the trade union movement for such rights as free public education, elimination of imprisonment for debt, and for leadership in the fight for social security and an end to discrimination.

The Truth About Unions should prove an invaluable aid to the unions themselves, which in the hurly-burly of daily struggle often fail to educate their members even on such primary matters as union structure, the collective bargaining process and the provisions of the National Labor Relations Act. Its reasoned, yet lively, style should appeal also to non-union members, while at the same time serving as effective antidote to the anti-labor venom spewed forth daily by the press.

The book is not without shortcomings. It seems to me that it speaks a little too matter-of-factly of the years of class struggle between American industry and labor, so that it scarcely makes one realize that the workers have had to—and must still today—battle militantly against the monopolies which would crush them, and with them, democracy.

It seemed to me also that in dealing with such union malpractices as featherbedding, Huberman might properly have emphasized the fundamental reasons under our present economic system that unions are forced to seek out ways to protect the workers' jobs. Instead, he devotes major space and attention to criticism of the practice itself.

A more serious defect in Huberman's book is the lack of any mention of the vanguard role of the Communist Party in the fight for industrial unionization, social security, and other matters related

to the strengthening of the trade union movement. Omission of this basic fact, by no matter how well-intentioned an author, is hardly the best method of combatting the Red-baiting with which the Tories attack the whole labor movement.

All in all, however, *The Truth About Unions* excellently fulfills its purpose. Attractive in layout and easy to read, it should get a wide audience.

ROBERT FRIEDMAN.

Carlos in the Woods

BEWITCHED LANDS, by Adolfo Costa du Rels. Knopf. \$2.50.

THIS novel about the feudal system in Bolivia has many strong passages of protest against the slavery and degradation of the Indian. But because the author seems to be unclear as to his message, it ends in confusion. At the close, after tentative praise for modern capitalist development in oil, the author resurrects the son of the landowner villain in order to have him say a few words after the manner of a Russian populist: "Carlos had confirmed in the great book of life everything that the masterly pages of keen and restless minds had revealed to him—the miserable lot of the great majority of mankind and the injustice with which some hold others in subjection. Carlos was now able, therefore, to emancipate himself from the written word . . . action—not dreams—awaited him." With this Carlos is marched off into the forest with a group of Indians he has organized.

Bewitched Lands alternates between a tract that offers no program and a somewhat pompously (perhaps only in translation) written story that introduces love and lust in such a manner as to withdraw the indictment against the *caciques* and substitute for it a curiously patronizing explanation of the backward "savage."

BILL AALTO.

Warning: Poison

BACK TO LIFE, by Herbert I. Kupper, M.D. Fischer. \$2.50.

BY COMPARISON with much that has been written on the subject, this book on the emotional adjustment of our veterans might, at first glance, appear to be acceptable. Dr. Kupper shows that the community as well as the serviceman must adjust to his return. He warns that anti-racial, anti-labor, anti-Soviet animosities are unreasonable and impractical. He reports that in the

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USSR the rehabilitation of the wounded caused but slight difficulty.

But the thinking is poisonous with the stereo-Freudian (actually un-Freudian) fallacy that adult behavior is little more than the projection of the childhood emotional life. Virtually all dissatisfactions in the services and in civilian life are indiscriminately attributed to expecting things which are unrealistic from persons in authority who are unconsciously viewed as father-substitutes. Hitler and Mussolini are referred to as "revolutionists" who similarly had difficulty in getting along with their fathers and with governmental authorities. The USSR is discussed not as a realistically fraternal, but as a successfully paternalistic state.

No confidence is entertained by Dr. Kupper in realistic struggles by ex-servicemen and other civilians to improve the social framework. It follows for the author that the animosities of the veteran will cause him worse consequences of self-laceration unless the world does seem unfriendly and ungrateful to him. Postwar disillusionment and reaction are underscored as accordingly inevitable and necessary. "There must be scapegoats!" The wartime promises of a better society, the Four Freedoms, etc., are psychologized away as never reasonable or even well-understood goals, but as utopian propaganda to enable the operation of the otherwise forbidden impulse to kill.

Here the pit covered over by the title gapes at our feet. *Back to Life* is a denial of the war itself as a crucial aspect of life. The author does not recognize the fundamentally cooperative and progressive life-impulses liberated by the war, and that anti-social and predatory tendencies arise largely from the frustration of reasonable needs for which the war was won. Thus, to the possibly well-intentioned Dr. Kupper, the tendencies unleashed by the war are primarily anti-social and predatory.

W. ROXBURY.

Forever Under

MEMORY AND DESIRE, by Mary Main. Dial Press. \$2.50.

ABOUT Mary Main, her publishers say that "this is her first novel but she has written short stories that have appeared in some of our great circulation magazines." *Memory and Desire* reads like something that might easily appear in the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is about an Argentine family with a martinet mother, and the clandestine

love affairs that everybody in the household is having. This includes the matriarch herself; Carmen, the servant-girl, who is the matriarch's second husband's mistress; and practically every one of the numerous children. I lost count after a while. The author, with an eye on Hollywood, was apparently trying to outdo *Forever Amber*.

For all its erotics *Memory and Desire* is dull and uninteresting, but at times Mary Main shows she can write. For example: "As a woman sits on the edge of a stream, paddling her feet in the water, with her skirts spread out on the grass behind, so Buenos Aires sits on the barranca of the Rio de la Plata, her back to the pampas and her face toward the world."

SAM ELKIN.

Brief Review

FURLOUGH FROM HEAVEN, by Jerome Dreyfuss. Crown. \$2.50.

JEROME DREIFUSS' fantasy of Leonardo da Vinci's return to earth comes to the conclusion that man has advanced scientifically, but not much socially, since da Vinci contributed to that advancement. Mildly entertaining.

Worth Noting

THE Youth Theater, of *Let Freedom Sing* fame, is starting up again after a partial wartime silence. Its variety show, tentatively called "Tidbits of '46," will be presented at the Barbizon Plaza Theater, April 14, 19 and 21. Tickets will be on sale at the Barbizon April 1, and reservations can be made by phoning GRamercy 7-7693.

THEATER

THE rumor that *Flamingo Road*, dramatized from Robert Wilder's novel of the same name by himself and Sally Wilder, would be a social-minded play proved to be exaggerated. There was, unfortunately, little of any kind of mind in it.

The chief character is a political boss in a poll-tax county who gets people under his thumb by playing upon their vices or weaknesses, and eliminates them when they resist or get in his way. As written by the playwrights and performed by Francis (Happy) Felton, he is so overdrawn and overacted as to

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crowd credibility, along with other dramatic values, off the stage.

The plot turns upon the resistance to him of a girl waif who, as the authors try to subtilize the situation, is more "afraid of running away" than of this sinister boss of whom an entire county lives in terror. She finds the courage to kill him after having been hounded into a prison farm and a whore house and out of a love-nest that, momentarily, had weakened her resolution.

By very far-fetching one could call this a portrayal of *de facto* fascism in the poll tax South. The focussing, however, is so steadily on individual evil; and justice, when it makes its overdue appearance, is so entirely an individual act of vengeance, that the social implications have to be read in by the audience. They are certainly not made evident by the playwrights.

The only person who could have got any satisfaction out of the evening was Mr. Watson Barrett, the scene designer. His settings drew the only spontaneous applause generated by the production.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Monopoly's Missionary

(Continued from page 20)

economics—the ideas of John Maynard Keynes, Alvin Hansen, George Soule, Robert Nathan, Stuart Chase and other liberal economists—imperialist politics, and the vitriol of vengeful hostility toward the party that cast him off. Were he simply one of hundreds of capitalist journalists who with similar products compete for public attention and private reward, he could be dismissed in a few words. But Browder seeks to infect or reinfect the Communist Party, the labor movement and its allies among professional and small business people. He is a man with a mission. There is a gleam in his eye, not of love for the working people, but of hate for their vanguard.

The process of Browder's degeneration is by no means complete. Some inkling of what may be in store for the future may be gathered from the fact, not generally known, that in addition to his public appearance before the Rankin un-American Committee last September, Browder voluntarily testified in secret at an executive session and *refused to divulge to the leadership of the Communist Party the nature of his testimony*. The pressures and corruptions of capitalist society are infinite and varied. The history of men like Trotsky and Doriot shows that for him who turns against the party of socialism there open illimitable depths.

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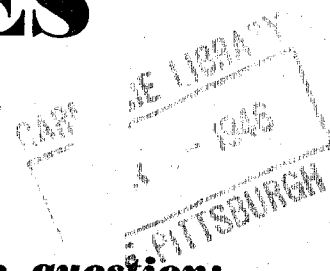
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